

Contemporary Review

incorporating THE FORTNIGHTLY

No. 1116 DECEMBER 1958

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CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

46-47 CHANCERY LANE . LONDON W.C.2

THE COLD WAR

THE general tendency in the world today seems to indicate a decrease in the likelihood of a hot war, and a continuance and even a hotting up of the cold war. The knowledge of the universal holocaust that would at once accompany an all-out world war has frightened everyone, including those behind the Iron Curtain. On the other hand, in reverse to the theories of Clausewitz, war can be carried on by other than military methods. All evidence suggests that Russia is now out to exploit her growing technical and industrial strength by dominating the markets of the world and making a special bid for a prominent place in the drive to assist the undeveloped countries of Africa and Asia to raise their standards of living. This is after all a healthy form of competition between the Communist and non-Communist world that we should not be afraid of. It will show which of the two societies is in the long run the most efficient, and whether the free world can discipline itself economically while retaining its civil liberties. Moreover there is room for everyone in the development of Asia and Africa. The need is so great that the aid of Russia and the United States and, as far as they can, of Britain and Germany also can be absorbed without anyone treading on each other's toes. The effectiveness of the economic aid from the two camps can be compared with each other by such countries as India, Ceylon, Ghana, Indonesia and the Arab countries. So the battle is on for the sympathy and cooperation of this neutral world. Much depends however on how far the financing of this aid, as far as the West is concerned, can be organized by the World Bank and similar institutions. The Commonwealth Conference at Montreal took steps in this direction.

One example of the kind of thing going on is the Russian intervention on the international metal market recently when by their operations they for a time drastically affected the price of tin. It is thought that she may be preparing for a control of the world oil market in a few years' time by breaking the economic stranglehold of the big oil concerns of the United States and the Middle East which exists in spite of American anti-Trust legislation. Nuclear power has not yet developed far enough to have effect on oil consumption and price, although it may do so sooner than is generally expected. Another important example of Russian economic intervention is the offer of a loan to Egypt to make a start in the Assouan Dam. Here of course politics play an important role. But in general it can be said that all the economic moves of a Communist state on the international chess board have a political objective. Russian offers of economic assistance are not large in volume or value compared to those of the West, but they are always of a nature to create the most publicity and to give the impression that Russia, and only Russia, is the friend in need.

All this works in with what is going on inside Russia. Khrushchev does not want to drive international tension to breaking point and endanger world peace on a big scale. But, firmly believing as he does in the superiority of the Communist system and its ultimate expansion throughout the world, he is not going to let any chance slip of making what he thinks is that superiority clear to the world. It is going to be very difficult to tie him down to any agreements on any subject, including conventional armaments and H-bomb tests, because he wants his hands free to meet at any time whatever the world situation may bring. He is of course subject to

a certain degree of public opinion pressure in Russia. The new bureaucracy and technocracy that has arisen with the industrial and educational drive over the last 15 years is getting its own mentality which is not the same as that of the party bosses in the Kremlin. That new form of public opinion, while intensely patriotic and proud of Russia, wants to see Russian influence in the world spread by its scientific and technical superiority over the rest of the world. It is restless and does not like supervision by the party machine with its more political outlook. Books coming out of Russia in recent years show this clearly. At the same time it would be disastrous for the West to think that this means any internal weakening of Russia. On the contrary it means greater internal strength than was possible under Stalin and the Americans should abandon their childish ideas that a counter-revolution or any upsetting of the Communist regime is ever likely in Russia, at least in our lifetime. What is almost certainly happening is a gradual mellowing of the regime. This process may go on over several decades and may be subject to temporary reverses. The dam of crude tyranny broke with the death of Stalin. Mass feeling in Russia was and is against that kind of dictatorship any longer. Khrushchev is trying to prevent the breaking of the dam from letting loose a flood, and the patriotism and pride of the average Russian for his country and its way of life, evident even in Tsarist days, will aid him in his attempt. But the average Soviet citizen has learnt in recent years to express his opinions even in criticism of the Government, and provided he does not step over a certain line (and no-one knows quite where that line is) it will be very difficult to reverse the present trend.

What has happened in Russia since Stalin's death has happened even more forcibly in Poland since the autumn of 1956. Here 27,000,000 Poles have attained a much greater freedom of opinion and criticism even than in Russia and a certain degree of independence, as is shown by their relations with the West. Khrushchev has not dared to treat the Poles as he treated Hungary, because Hungary was small and could easily be suppressed. Gomulka may find it necessary to tighten things up from time to time, but it is not likely to be more than that. Again Yugoslavia continues on her even more independent line in establishing a form of Communism with a considerable degree of freedom. It is doubtful if Khrushchev means to clamp down a full economic boycott of Tito. But the duty of the West in this respect is clear. Here is one of the spots where we can use economic assistance with a maximum of advantage.

In one part of the world the danger of a hot war in a greater or less form still continues, namely the Far East. It is quite likely that Khrushchev is not too keen on Mao's policy of hotting up over Quemoy and the off-shore islands. Of course now that it has started he gives him full support, but it is the sort of issue that should not arise today. The danger of hot war still persists in this part of the world because of the incredibly foolish attitude of the Americans. It is tempting to hope that the results of the Congress elections will make a change here. But though Mr. Dulles has undoubtedly received a vote of want of confidence, it is by no means certain that the United States policy on China has changed fundamentally. One must never forget that the American attitude on China has deep roots and goes back to the Imperial Manchu days. The proselytising traditions of the Pilgrim Fathers and of the China Missions runs deep in the

American mind even today. Generations of Americans have been in one way or another connected with the effort to spread Christianity among the Chinese. That spirit is not dead today, and it reinforces the general American dislike of Communism and the determination to see its progress in the world stopped. That is where the European allies of the United States differ from her. Being nearer to Russia and having more to do with her economically, they are ready to sup with the devil. They are ready to recognize what should be clear to everyone now—that the Communist regime in China is there to stay, as it is in Russia. Meanwhile Communist China, being in the stage that Russia was 20 years ago, is in many ways now more militant than its ally and is not averse to foreign diversion in order to direct attention from difficulties at home. Mao is trying to consolidate Communist farming in the Chinese villages, an even more difficult task than it proved in Russia. There can be little doubt of the internal tensions going on now in China, not to mention the rising of Nationalists in Thibet. But again it is foolish to think that these difficulties are going seriously to undermine Mao's regime or enable Chiang to get back the country he has lost.

The other important section of the world where the contest between Communist and non-Communist countries is strong is the Middle East. Here the prospect of hot war has receded since the summer and the struggle is taking the economic form that I indicated above. During the crisis resulting in the civil war in Lebanon and the revolution in Iraq the danger of hot war was great. But a number of circumstances may have influenced the Egyptian trouble-makers not to go too far. First undoubtedly the action of the United States and Great Britain sending troops to the Lebanon and Jordan contributed to this. Looked at in perspective the chances of the present situation coming about in Lebanon and Jordan were probably assisted by the expeditions. Jordan was the most risky, but the setting up of United Nations observers there again shows how useful that organization can be, as it was in the Sinai peninsula during the Suez crisis. Other factors too have been at work. Nasser knows that Jordan would be an economic liability, and Egyptian finances and balance of payments are too precarious to stand further burdens. Israel too would almost certainly move into the East of Jordan if Nasser struck. So an uneasy peace is kept, and Nasser probably realizes that he is not likely to obtain domination of the Arab world. His Napoleonic dreams are still some way from realization and may remain dreams. The new regime in Iraq is not running after him. The Baathist party in Syria has its following in Baghdad, but so far the people in control and behind Brigadier Qasim are not going to come into the United Arab Republic. Everything seems to point to a Federation of Arab states, a greater cooperation than hitherto but no constellation in which Nasser is the sun and the rest are the satellites. It will be a long time before the Arabs work off the heady wine of Nationalism. They have had no experience of independence since the days of the Abbasid Caliphate. Responsibility and readiness to cooperate internationally is not going to be taught to them by us, the former colonial rulers. In their present state of mind the only person they might listen to is a person like Nehru.

Meanwhile the economic competition with Russia in the Middle East is proceeding apace, as is shown by the offer of financial assistance over the

Assouan Dam. Here we can profit by the political situation that the commencement of the building of this dam will create. For Nasser has taken no steps to come to terms with the Sudan over its construction. The Sudan today will not be tied to the Nile Waters Agreement of 1928, and will not see the Nile waters flow past her to be impounded in a great artificial lake in Egypt without getting her *quid pro quo*, which is an increased share of the irrigation waters for herself. Nasser will be creating trouble for himself unless he comes to some agreement with the Sudan. It is our business to give support to Khartoum if asked for, and to manoeuvre Nasser into a position where world opinion and that of the neutral world is likely to react against him. All these are possible moves in the economic cold war in the Middle East.

There is reason to think that the Arab world of North Africa is, in spite of innate hostility to the French, very far from coming into Nasser's camp. Bourgiba of Tunis and some elements in Algeria will be prepared to remain outside his orbit if tactfully handled. Much depends upon the French, and here the coming of de Gaulle has opened out new vistas which were not apparent last summer. The General has shown statesmanship and he has certainly disappointed the "colons." He has many difficulties to get over, but he seems to have the confidence of his people at home. It remains to be seen if there are enough Algerian Moslems ready to come out in support of his liberal policy, and on the other side whether he can carry the people of metropolitan France with him when they begin to see what the effect of carrying out his policy for the economic development of Algeria will be for them. Unless there is considerable American help, which Congress probably will not give nor the French accept, the carrying out of this policy can only result in sacrifices for the people of metropolitan France. And the average Frenchman takes a poor view of anyone who asks him to tighten his belt.

M. PHILIPS PRICE

THE AMERICAN ELECTIONS AND AFTER

THOUGH American experts—whether political, economic, or scientific—have learned to be rather cautious in recent years, there was little doubt this time about a Democratic victory in the mid-term elections. What came as a surprise to many was the extent of the Republicans' defeat as well as the forcible way in which certain trends—already long apparent—have been confirmed by these latest elections. The poll was a heavy one, and the voters showed a very striking awareness of the issues and personalities involved. The truth is, of course, that ever since the end of the war the American electorate shows a constantly growing determination to pick its men on personal grounds rather than follow the party line. Nowhere has this tendency been more pronounced than in the State of New York, even before the present contest. But the victory of Nelson Rockefeller over Averill Harriman, and the size of his majority (it exceeded 500,000) deserve special attention for a variety of reasons.

Since his spectacular triumph the Governor-elect has been described as

an "Eisenhower Republican." This does not correspond to the facts, and is an all too obvious attempt to cash in on the party's only important victory. The truth is that the President had very little to do with it; that the successful candidate decided on his own to toss his hat into the arena; and that he fought, not as an "Eisenhower Republican," or a "Conservative Republican," or under any other label, but that he campaigned on a more or less individual basis. The ideas he put forward were mostly "left of centre" liberal ones, in many way reminiscent of the New Deal. Moreover, he concentrated on local State affairs, leaving the main American problems of an economic and political nature almost entirely out of the argument. Helped by an immensely attractive personality (his sincerity, moral integrity, modesty and "folksiness" were impressive); by a hitherto unknown political temperament; by physical endurance and youth (he looks much younger than his 50 years), he appealed to a far wider circle of supporters than any professional politician. In fact, he went out of his way to attract Democratic sympathies at the very time the Vice-President and then, towards the close, the President himself campaigned in a "give 'em hell" manner.

Not so many years ago the mere name of Rockefeller or Harriman would have made a serious candidature for elective office impossible. But such is the change of American *mores* and political climate that now the name of Rockefeller turned out to possess a magic spell. In this respect the winner owes a profound debt of gratitude to the man he defeated, since Harriman can be said to have blazed a trail for him. True, the size of his fortune was nowhere near as large, but Harriman was perhaps the first multi-millionaire to prove that inherited wealth is no obstacle to the people's confidence, and that the old saying "poor boy makes good" can also be reversed into "rich boy makes good." In any case Nelson Rockefeller has been known to the public, just as Harriman was before him, as an admirable citizen and a man more than fully aware of the responsibilities of wealth and social position.

If Rockefeller can claim to have been elected despite his party, the defeat of Harriman results directly from the tactics of the Democratic Party machine in New York. The unsavoury activities of Tammany Hall and the personal interventions into State affairs by New York's Democratic "Boss," Carmine de Sapio, had antagonized many sincere admirers of Governor Harriman even before the present election. But when it became known that de Sapio had barred Harriman's candidate for the New York Senatorship and had imposed a candidate of his own, many voters in the State of New York turned against both the outgoing Governor and the Senatorial candidate. Nobody doubted that Harriman was a good and honest man, a dedicated public servant to whom the State and the nation owe much, and that despite being 16 years older than Rockefeller he was still in fine physical and mental shape. But the dissensions within the Democratic Party's machine, and finally Harriman's surrender to de Sapio, represented the type of politics American electors of 1958 are no longer willing to accept.

Thus the Democrats can thank the principal machine organizer in New York for the loss of both the Governorship and the Senatorship. Much the same can be said of the Republican Party organization, which with an un-failing sureness of touch seemed to select the most unsuitable and un-

attractive candidates, most of whom got duly beaten. Those Republicans who managed to win, and those Democrats who either substantially increased their previous majorities or conquered territories hitherto considered traditionally Republican, were mostly men of character and independence, and good fighters as well. It will hardly be possible for Harriman to seek his Party's Presidential nomination in 1960, but he may yet occupy an important position if the Democrats win the Presidency in two years' time.

For the Republicans the loss of California, the second largest State, is a blow which through their fratricidal strife they have inflicted on themselves. This loss and the emergence of Nelson Rockefeller as a new powerful figure among the Republicans are generally interpreted as weakening Nixon's chances of securing his Party's nomination for the Presidency in 1960. If the Democrats prove able to maintain their present dominating role in both Houses in Washington, and their apparent great popularity among the electorate, the Republican nomination may not turn out to be such a coveted prize after all.

Though quite obviously the campaign for 1960 has already begun—in fact, it did so the moment the 1956 Presidential election was over—the immediate question is: what will the American political scene be like in the meantime and how will the U.S.A. Government carry on in the present circumstances. The situation itself is not new. It is one of the oddities of the political life of America that ever since the Civil War the party supporting the President has lost seats in all mid-term elections, the two notable exceptions being in 1906 when Theodore Roosevelt was President, and again in 1934 when Franklin Roosevelt was President. Not even Mr. Eisenhower's personal popularity, which won him record majorities as a President, was sufficient to establish his own party in control of Congress for any length of time. The Democrats managed to regain their parliamentary majority at the earliest possible opportunity and have held it ever since. What they have succeeded in doing now is to increase it in both Houses to almost unprecedented proportions. Led by such experienced and patriotic men as Speaker Sam Rayburn in the House of Representatives and Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson in the Senate, they have supported many of President Eisenhower's policies far more effectively than his own Republicans, and no doubt they will continue doing so when Congress reconvenes in January. But they will be constantly thinking of 1960 and thus, obviously, there will be a growing reluctance to get too closely associated in the public mind with an Administration they hope to defeat in two years' time. Also the size of their majorities will make the task of the leaders even more complicated than hitherto.

It is a dangerous oversimplification to label the Republicans as Conservatives or the Democrats as Liberals. Among the modern Republicans are many people with fine liberal and progressive views. On the other hand, in the Democratic Party there are many violent reactionaries, of whom the Southern Democrats are the strongest and most conspicuous group. The spectacular victory of Governor Faubus certainly presents Democratic leadership with tremendous headaches since he is by no means an exception—there are many Democrats in the South, and not only in the South, who feel and think exactly like him. Now that the prospects for 1960 look so promising, the Democrats have to face the almost insoluble problem of how to iron out their fundamental ideological and other

difficulties in order to present a united platform in the Presidential campaign two years hence. There are many liberal-minded Democrats in the North who see no other solution than forcing an open showdown on the various burning issues—of which that of civil liberties and segregation is the principal one—and if necessary expelling the reactionary Southerners. On the other hand, it is undeniable that the Southern Senators provide by far the largest group of competent and wise committee chairmen and generally make a most important contribution to the work of both Houses of Congress. To lose them would be a shattering blow to the Democratic Party and to its majority position in the nation.

Though many people and groups are now indulging in the game of picking the Presidential and Vice-Presidential candidates for 1960, it is too early to play that game seriously. There are several "possibilities" among the younger Democrats, and the Republicans now have Nelson Rockefeller. Perhaps his example will prove encouraging to other brilliant young men of the same type, and who knows whether one of the Fords, for instance, or members of other dynasties may prefer politics some day rather than concentrating on business or philanthropy or picking some of the plums in American diplomacy. As far as candidates are concerned, many things may happen before November, 1960. What matters at this juncture is how the present Administration hopes to tackle the tremendous accumulation of vital problems facing the nation. There is still the double scourge of partial recession and inflation simultaneously. There is the urgent need of funds for a variety of civilian pursuits—ranging from education to road building, and from housing to social security. There is the ever uncertain amount of urgent defence expenditure. Closely connected with that is the much wider issue of defence policy. And again, even more directly connected with the latter, is that of foreign policy. Somehow or other the Administration, even if it is weakened, has to give a lead and to govern. Somehow or other the opposition, even if it has its eye on 1960 and disapproves certain policies, must avoid a purely negative attitude and help the Government to govern. Though President Eisenhower's political influence is bound to decrease as the next election approaches, his personal popularity is still very high. There is a great deal he can do or that he can prevent from happening if he decides to take forcible action on any of the important issues facing the American nation and the free world at large. It is not for Europeans to have any preferences where the two great parties are concerned. But, since everything and anything that America does has its impact on the international situation, it is impossible for them to be just disinterested and casual observers. Whichever party is in office, or whichever party holds the actual power, what matters to the European democracies is the maintenance of American political stability and economic prosperity. This, in fact, is to Europe a condition of survival.

GEORGE SOLOVEYCHIK

THOUGHTS ON INTERNATIONAL POLICING

THE other day a small news item from Washington caught my attention. It was this. The United States Senate voted by a large majority in favour of the establishment of a permanent international police force—guard force, some people will like to call it—under the United Nations, capable of garrisoning potential areas of trouble. Now the United States Senate is one of the most conservative bodies in the world. This is then surely a sign of the times. Of course this idea of keeping the peace by international warrant has come into the foreground under the impact of the continuing crisis in the Middle East. But the fact is that only a few weeks previously our own Minister of Defence, Mr. Duncan Sandys, at the end of a House of Commons debate (June 10) on the disarmament deadlock, invoked, similarly, the need for establishing an international police force at the disposal of a world security authority, as the *sine qua non* of a reduction of national armaments. A pamphlet was recently issued by a group of 10 Conservative back-benchers (and published by the Conservative Central Office) setting out a practical scheme for translating Mr. Sandys' conception into reality. The Liberal Party Conference, we may note, also adopted a Resolution advocating an international police force. It does indeed seem elementary common sense that you will never get nations to give up the illusory security provided by their national means of protection until and unless some body above and beyond the competitive "sovereign" States is there to supply adequate *international* security.

This is to hark back to the efforts of some of us, a generation ago, to get precisely this idea accepted of the need for an international authority possessing its own police instrument. I am talking of the founding, in May, 1932, of a typically English voluntary organization to put this idea across. "The New Commonwealth" was its somewhat pretentious name.

It had nothing to do with the Commonwealth we used to call British; the word was used in the Cromwellian sense of the common weal. That organization was sponsored, and largely paid for, by that remarkable Welsh prophet-figure David Davies of Llandinam, whom many of an older generation will remember. (He was made a Baron in 1933.) I was appointed the first Organizing Secretary of the organization. We started very modestly in two rooms in a basement in Norfolk Street, Strand, and I edited its monthly organ of the same name for nearly four years. So I think I can fairly say that I have, in my time, discussed this international police idea in all its aspects. Under David Davies' impulsion it was a case of preaching a secular gospel, so to speak—and my goodness! the events on the international stage in those years 1932-36 gave us plenty of scope. I should perhaps add here that, lest advocates of an international police force under the aegis of the League of Nations should incur the reproach of seeking to rivet on Europe the *status quo* of the Treaty of Versailles (and accompanying instruments), we were recommending, parallel with it, the establishment of an international equity Tribunal—in the interests of peaceful change. But it was for its demand for an international police force that *The New Commonwealth* became widely known.

The organization was, of course, in a sense a breakaway body from the League of Nations Union, of which David Davies had been with Lord Cecil, Gilbert Murray and others, one of the founding fathers. A militant

idealist if ever there was one, David Davies had to have his own show, and our bible was the massive tome—"The Problem of the Twentieth Century" which he had published in 1930. He had enough private fortune to keep the organization going—after the first year or two there were branches in France, Germany and other countries—right up to the War. Mr. Winston Churchill became at an early stage—and remained—President of "The New Commonwealth."

Looking back on those years I am very conscious that, whereas at first we were regarded as heretics, by the time the Hitler danger, the Abyssinian crisis, *etc.*, had supervened, thinking people throughout Europe had mostly come round to our point of view. Oh yes, they would say, of course an international police force is a self-evident proposition. Only, how it could be brought about—especially as in the United States there were precious few supporters of the idea—was quite another matter. So self-evident was this "truth," which The New Commonwealth had been proclaiming for years amid general indifference, that when the representatives of the three Great Powers, United States, Britain and Soviet Russia, met at Dumbarton Oaks and then at San Francisco to establish the United Nations, the principle was by common consent specifically recognized in the Charter. You will find it embodied in those Articles—Chapter VII—which decreed that the Security Council should be assisted by a Military Staff Committee (consisting of Chiefs of Staff) having at their disposal certain armed forces. This is what Article 43 says:

"All members of the United Nations, in order to contribute to the maintenance of international peace and security, undertake to make available to the Security Council, on its call and in accordance with a special agreement or agreements, armed forces, assistance and facilities, including rights of passage, necessary for the purpose of maintaining international peace and security."

and in a second paragraph:

"Such agreement or agreements shall govern the numbers and types of forces, their degree of readiness and general location and the nature of the facilities and assistance to be provided."

Article 45, too, provides for *urgent* military measures and to that end calls upon members "to hold immediately available national air force contingents for combined international enforcement action."

This was not quite the independent force under an independent authority of our pre-war dreams; but still. . . . However, anyway, it did not work out. As we know, from the moment that the three victorious Great Powers ceased to have a common will and a common policy, all this section of the Charter went by the board, and since 1946 the world has been back in the grooves of international anarchy and the balance of power, with the Great Power veto inherent in it erected into being an essential element of the United Nations machinery.

Gradually, however, since Korea, the idea of international policing has been coming back into its own. Since the Suez episode floodlit the chronic Middle East crisis, there has been continual talk of establishing an international police force, in some shape or form, as the arm of a United Nations organization capable of keeping the peace. M. Hammarskjöld presented a report on this subject to the current General Assembly of the U.N. In the introduction to the Secretary-General's report he argued that,

unless it were to be called into being by the Security Council under Chapter VII of the Charter, it must constitutionally be a non-fighting force operating in the territories of the countries concerned only with their consent, and utilized only after a decision of the Security Council or the General Assembly regarding a specific case.

His Assistant Secretary-General Dr. Ralph Bunche, one gathers, has been working on it now for several months. Dr. Bunche, for all I know, may never have heard of Lord Davies and us pioneers of the New Commonwealth. Starting from scratch, his study group has presumably been weighing up and assessing the various possibilities. Should it be a military establishment able to repel armed attack? Or should it be a small armed contingent, such as the United Nations Emergency Force patrolling the Israeli-Egyptian frontier, to serve as a buffer between two hostile camps? Or should it be merely a posse of observers, like the observer group operating in the Lebanon?

One point on which there does at present seem to be general agreement in United Nations circles is that the force should consist solely of national contingents contributed by the smaller Powers—not mixed up in high policy matters—that the Great Powers should make no military contribution to it, though they should certainly be responsible for most of the financing. Questions to be decided are where such a force should be stationed, whether there should be a central supply depot or just national contingents ear-marked and readily available for dispatch to danger-spots as necessary and when the Security Council or the Assembly give the order. We are a long way still from the simple cut-and-dried solution of an international authority superseding, in the sphere of armaments and peace-making, the nations authorities, the sort of thing Mr. Duncan Sandys, apparently, has in mind. And that conception, admittedly, begs all the questions. But at any rate the world is moving back towards the idea of a U.N. Planning Staff and policing elements at the ready embodied in the Charter—even if, as at present suggested, Russia and the principal Western Powers should remain outside it. Yes, after Mr. Sandys' remarks on June 10, one feels that the next generation may see the idea of an international police force materializing, a real independent international force under an international authority, in accordance with the teachings of Lord Davies and his New Commonwealth supporters.

W. HORSEFALL CARTER.

MUNICIPALISATION OF RENTED HOUSES

THE municipalization of rented houses is advocated by the Socialist Party and is a matter of far-reaching importance. In discussing this matter extravagant language should be avoided and the position examined with calm. It is wrong to suggest that the municipalization of rented (and some other) houses would be an unmitigated catastrophe; on the other hand it is difficult to see how this policy can confer benefits of any section of the population. At the outset a survey of the situation is desirable. In 1956 there were about 15,000,000 houses and flats in Britain.

Of that number 4,800,000 were owner occupied; 3,600,000 were council houses or other state-owned houses; 1,000,000 were furnished lettings; and 5,700,000 were rent-controlled tenanted houses. What precisely do the Socialist Party propose to do? The details of their operation are neither closely defined nor transparently clear. It appears, however, that "houses and flats that were rent-controlled on January 1, 1956, and remain tenant-occupied should be taken into public ownership." That accounts for about 5,700,000 houses. However, the matter does not appear to rest there, for there are further suggestions about transferring to municipal ownership "other tenanted property not covered by the Rent Acts" and "residential property in blocks which also contain commercial or other types of accommodation" and "houses still held under requisitioning powers." In view of the somewhat undefined nature of the above proposals it is difficult to form even an estimate of the total number of properties which it is intended to hand over to municipal ownership. The total number may indeed run into 8,000,000 or even more.

And now let us consider Compensation. The principal suggestion appears to be that the value of houses taken over for the purposes of compensation will be that of the property as an investment with a rent-controlled tenant in possession. Account will be taken of the net income obtainable by the landlord, the condition of the property, and its probable length of life if it remained in private hands. Once the capital value has been assessed, payment can be made in several ways, either by the issue of stock, by terminable life annuities, or in cases where only small sums are involved by a single cash payment. How dangerous and vague this all sounds! Of course any Government in power, especially if backed by a large majority of the electorate, may indulge in confiscation, or partial confiscation, of property. Such a thing is "not done" in this country, but there is no reason why it should not be done in the future if people so wish. One of the first things one learns in Constitutional Law is that Parliament is supreme, and the only restraint on Parliamentary action is physical opposition. Thank goodness that extreme has not arisen in this country for some centuries. No great injustice has been perpetrated so as to give rise to large-scale physical opposition. But on the subject of injustice, is it not a glaring violation of fair dealing to value property as if it were occupied by a tenant entitled (or nominally entitled) to the protection afforded by rent control? At the very outset it reduces the value of the property in most cases to a very small figure, possibly nil. It may be fair to take account of the condition of the property and its probable length of life if it remained in private hands. That sounds quite good sense. After all, if there were two properties of equal size side by side, and one was comparatively newly built and in a good state of repair, while the other was an old structure in a poor state of repair, a prospective purchaser would offer more for the former than the latter type of property. But the gross injustice—to put it mildly—arises when property is valued as if it were occupied by a rent-controlled tenant.

Are there any figures that one can quote to illustrate the Socialist Party's suggestions as to compensation? Here again there does not appear to be anything concrete on which one can found an argument. At a fairly generous Socialist estimate, an average figure of £500 for houses has been vaguely mentioned. If that is multiplied by 5,700,000, being the number of rent-controlled in 1956, the answer is £2,850,000,000. Whether that

amount, or any other amount, would be issued in stock or be paid in the form of terminable life annuities is a matter of conjecture. Whatever sum is paid for compensation, and whatever methods are used for paying such compensation, it is eminently desirable that the amount of rent obtained from the new municipal tenants should recoup the State for its expenditure in acquiring the properties. That immediately discloses two matters to view. In the first place, the rent obtained from the new municipal tenants which may be attributed to recompensing the cost of acquisition (i.e., paying off the State loan for acquiring the property) will be the rent *minus* the cost of repairs. Secondly, over the course of years the State will have in addition to find the money to replace the 5,700,000 (or whatever number it may be) houses which are transferred to municipal ownership. The truth of the matter is that the new municipal tenant—although his rent will be greatly increased—will never be able to pay an economic rent. That is to say, he will not be able to pay sufficient rent to enable the State to meet in full its financial obligations in regard to property which is taken over. The inevitable result will be that the tax payer or rate payer, or both, will be required to meet the difference between what the tenant actually pays and the amount he ought to pay if the scheme is to be in any sense self-supporting.

Now what about repairs? Here again one must be fair and not exaggerate the position one way or another. In the last 40 years, principally owing to the Rent Restrictions Acts and the hopelessly inadequate rents obtained by most landlords for rent-controlled properties, a number of houses have indeed got into a bad state of repair. That has by no means been entirely, or nearly entirely, remedied up to date. But recent legislation has in many cases enabled the landlord to recover more rent, and this should materially assist him in doing and paying for some of the necessary repairs. On the other hand, if there is any serious degree of disrepair the tenant can always obtain a Sanitary Notice from the local authority who will then compel the landlord to do what is required. But the real question for the moment is—how can the municipalization of several millions of houses solve this question of repairs as by a wave of the wand? It is quite easy to say without further thought that the State will carry out the repairs which no private landlord has done, or ever will do. Of course the State, that is to say the tax payer and rate payer, can by the expenditure of vast sums of money do anything better than a private individual. Apart from that aspect of the matter, and regarding it strictly from a practical point of view, it is difficult to see why the question of repairs can be solved by the policy of municipalization.

As to rents enough has been said to indicate that the rents payable by the new municipal tenants will be greatly increased. Lucky will be the tenant who only pays by way of rent a sum equal to twice the rateable value of the property. Most of the municipal tenants will have to pay a rent considerably in excess of twice the rateable value, and even then it will not be an economic rent. In other words the difference will have to be found by the rate payer and tax payer. One must consider the question of administration if some 6,000,000 houses are taken over by the State. Enormous—and we use that adjective advisedly—administrative staffs will have to be created and maintained for the management of these houses. The cost of this staff will be huge and must, in fact, be met

out of rates or taxes, or both. That may be rather an elementary way of putting the matter, but it is the bare position without any refinements. As for mortgages, it is not out of place to say a word about such charges. It is true that Building Societies seldom advance money on the security of properties which are occupied by "controlled tenants," yet there are other persons who have lent money in these cases. When the compensation—whatever it may be—is paid for the acquisition of these 6,000,000 houses, it is more than likely that the compensation in some cases will not be sufficient to discharge the mortgage on the property. This will indeed be a deplorable state of affairs. As for Amenities this is a matter of opinion. The new 6,000,000 municipal tenants may find their private activities considerably limited by the local council in whose area they are situated. The private landlord is more prone to respect the wish of his tenant to be free to do what he likes within reason.

To sum up the position. If the municipalization of some millions of dwelling houses is effected, the following results may be fairly anticipated:

- (1) Rents will be greatly increased.
- (2) There will be a vast expenditure which must be met out of increased rates and taxes, or both. The cost of administration alone will be a huge additional item.
- (3) Repairs will not be effected any better under municipalization than under private ownership.
- (4) Freedom of life will be restricted.

All thinking sections of the community, whether tenants or landlords or others, should draw themselves up in shining armour and resist this great fallacy of Socialism known as the Municipalization of Rented Houses.

MESTON.

THE SECOND EMPIRE. XXII. GEORGE SAND AND FLAUBERT

GEORGE SAND had no respect for tradition or authority in any sphere. As a republican and socialist, a friend of Mazzini and Louis Blanc, she could scarcely be expected to smile on a dictator; but her heart was too good to hate Louis Napoleon or any one else. Contact was established when the prisoner at Ham sent her a copy of *The Extinction of Pauperism*, and she replied in a letter which was at once an expression of sympathy and a confession of faith. She had studied the plan with deep interest, though she was not clever enough to judge of its feasibility. Who was to carry it out? "You should be grateful to us for resisting the attraction of your character, your intelligence and your rank, and for daring to tell you that we shall never acknowledge any sovereignty except that of the people which seems to us incompatible with that of an individual." The time for Personal Government was over. "You deserve to have been born in an age when your exceptional qualities might have secured our happiness and your glory. People say that you merely desire to be a French citizen, a sufficiently lofty role if properly understood. The heir to a great name concerns himself with the fortunes of the proletariat. That is your greatness, that should be the link between you and the

republican millions of France. If it depended on myself, who has read your writings, I should trust your promises and open the prison doors." The captive gratefully replied that a visit from her, for he was occasionally allowed visitors, would be a red-letter day.

The fall of the Monarchy filled the ardent democrat with delight. "The Republic is the best of families," she wrote ecstatically, "the people the best of friends. The Republic forever! What a dream, what enthusiasm, what admirable and orderly behaviour of Paris! I have just been there and witnessed the nobility, sublimity and generosity of the people in the heart of France. We are all excited and intoxicated at having gone to sleep in the mire and woken up in heaven. Now it is safe and we would all die to preserve it." The warm-hearted woman had pitched her expectations far too high, for the new régime proved no more progressive than the Bourgeois Monarchy, and the streets of the capital were soon running with blood. Having lost her faith in the Second Republic she took the *coup d'état* calmly, reserving her wrath for the harsh police measures which accompanied and disgraced it. "Let us hope the authorities will tire of their own rigour, which has been quite unnecessary," she wrote. "The eight millions who voted for the new master of France should teach them to rely on the people." "You have been told," she wrote to Mazzini, "that they voted under the dominion of fear. That is untrue. I have found in him good instincts and aims resembling our own."

Convinced that the Dictator was better than his agents, she appealed to him in a series of letters which do honour to her courage and humanity. "Prince, the friends of my youth and my old age are in prison or exile. Your heavy hand fell on all who call themselves Socialist Republicans." Far from opposing the new régime, she regarded it as the last chance of salvation amid the corruption of morals and confusion of ideas. "I cannot be its apostle, but I should regard it as a crime to reproach heaven, the nation, or the man whom God calls and the people accept." Repression, however, had gone too far, and mass imprisonment and deportation of harmless folk must stop. "Amnesty, Amnesty soon, my Prince!" A letter of portentous length closed with a request for an interview, which was promptly accorded, in which her belief in his goodness of heart was confirmed. "I obtained from you words of kindness which I shall never forget," she wrote. "You were good enough to tell me: 'Ask me for whatever pardon you may wish'." When the individuals she brought to his notice were liberated she described herself as the only Socialist who remained his friend. Persigny, Minister of the Interior, to whom he referred her, with equal readiness promised pardon for any friend she might name. In her campaign to secure the release of all untried detainees she begged her friend Prince Napoleon to use his influence with the Government.

Once again she was to be disillusioned. Promises, she discovered, were not enough, for they remained in most cases a dead letter, thanks to the agents less pliant and kindly than the Dictator himself. "Half of France has turned informer against the other half; the blind hatred and atrocious zeal of a furious police have been satiated," she wrote to a friend. "Paris is in chaos and the provinces a tomb." A second interview with the President to save a friend from deportation opened her eyes to the vices of autocracy. "He is neither debauched, nor a robber, nor bloodthirsty, but he is no longer in control if he ever was. Circumstances and party ambitions

cast him into the whirlpool, and he flattered himself that he could control it; but he is already half submerged, and I doubt if he is now fully conscious of his actions." She occasionally appealed to the Empress on behalf of friends in financial distress, and not in vain; but her friendship with Prince Napoleon was of little avail in her works of mercy since he counted for less and less. Opening prison doors, arranging help for the stricken families of political victims, in one case rescuing four young soldiers from the firing squad, she was called the saint of Berry and *Notre Dame de Secours*. It was her finest hour. Though the ruler and the novelist never met again, for after the political amnesty of 1859 there was no occasion for further correspondence, she remained a welcome guest in the salon of Princess Mathilde and counted Prince Napoleon among her intimate friends.

When the *Vie de César* was published in 1864 she criticised its cult in an obscure newspaper. "I have not had time to consider whether it would please the illustrious author or not," she wrote to Prince Napoleon. "While paying homage to the real talent of its composition, I cannot accept its thesis. To compare the work of Caesar with that of Napoleon I, blameable perhaps in certain ways but truly glorious, seemed to me real blasphemy. I should have said so had I not feared to trespass on the domain of politics at the request of the publisher. How old is that doctrine of the authority of a single ruler and how hollow nowadays! It is the fault of Caesar, the fatal path which always leads to disaster." She had only a few years to wait till her generalization received a new and terrible proof.

George Sand lived to witness the collapse of the régime which she had tolerated but never fully approved. The declaration of war seemed to her a blunder and a crime. "Paris must be mad," she declared; "the honour of France is in no way involved. To me this war appears a blunder, the singing of the Marseillaise an infamy. Men are ferocious and conceited brutes. What a lesson for nations which like dictators!" When bad news from the front poured in, she knew that the curtain was about to fall. "The Empire is lost; it has lived its allotted span. The same men who confidently voted for it in the plebiscite would today vote unanimously for its overthrow. Alas! there is no longer the enthusiasm of the wars of the Republic. There is scepticism, disaffection, a determination to punish in the next vote." If the ruler did not promptly abdicate, she declared, he should be deposed. Sedan cut the knot and she greeted the Third Republic with a cheer. "What a glorious event, what a happy day amidst all our disasters! At last Paris has risen like one man. That is what she should have done a fortnight ago. Hurrah for Paris!"

II

No French writer of his time displayed less interest in the political scene than Flaubert, who lived for his literary work and felt equal disdain for the successive systems by which France was governed. In his voluminous correspondence there are singularly few references to public affairs. Politics, he felt, were a vulgar game, unsuitable for intellectuals and appealing to the worst elements in human nature. "You ask what I think of all these happenings," he wrote contemptuously on the collapse of the Monarchy. "Well, it's all very funny. It is a joy to see some of the crestfallen faces and to witness the deflated ambitions. I don't know

if the new pattern of government and society will be favourable to the arts; it cannot be more bourgeois, more mediocre, more stupid. Life is a dull show. I don't know if the Republic will help, and I greatly doubt it." A year later he wrote to a friend in Corsica in his usual pessimistic vein. "I don't know if the Corsicans are as stupid as the French, but here it is deplorable: republicans, reactionaries, reds, blues, tricolors, compete in ineptitude; it is enough to make decent folk sick!"

Though Flaubert liked the *coup d'état* no better than his fellow craftsmen, he blamed the people more than their new master. "I was in Paris at the time," he reported to a friend, "I was nearly slaughtered several times, sabred, shot or blown to pieces by cannon, for there was something to suit all tastes. But I had a good view. Providence, knowing my love of the picturesque, always posts me to the first night when it is worth while. This time I wasn't sold. It was first-rate." The arch individualist resented even the mild yoke of the Academy. "A wormeaten and stupid institution. I detest all limitation, and I think an Academy is the most unsuitable thing in the world for the human mind which has neither rule nor law nor uniform. Our dear country detests liberty. The ideal state, according to the socialists, is a kind of huge monster sucking into itself all individual action, all personality, all thought, directing everything, doing everything, a sacerdotal tyranny in these narrow hearts. Everything must be regulated, everything rebuilt on different foundations; there are no follies or vices which are not to be found in these dreams. Nowadays man is more of a fanatic than ever, obsessed with himself. That is his only tune; he bleats for the infinite, as Montaigne used to say, and can find nothing bigger than this miserable life from which he is always striving to escape. Since 1830 France has been living in a crazy realism. The infallibility of universal suffrage is becoming a dogma to replace the infallibility of the Pope. The powerful army, the right of numbers, respect for the mob, has succeeded the authority of names, divine right, the supremacy of mind. The human conscience, worn out with fatigue, seems ready for slumber in sensual apathy. Republic or Monarchy, it will be a long time before we emerge from this situation. What is this quality but the negation of all liberty, superiority, nature itself? That is why I love art: there, at any rate, is liberty, in the realm of the imagination. There one is at once king and people, active and passive, viaticum and priest. No limitations!" The gloomy bourgeois novelist described himself as a bourgeoisphobe. When George Sand called him a mysterious being, he replied that he was devastatingly commonplace and was sometimes sick of the bourgeois inside him. "Hate of the bourgeois is the beginning of wisdom." Such a man, packed full of phobias, could never be really happy.

The approach to the Empire seemed to Flaubert a natural development in a country which lacked real love of liberty. "I read of the President's tours. Splendid! We must only have one idea and no longer respect for anything. If all morality is useless for future communities which, being organized like an automaton, will not need it, he is preparing the way. I am speaking seriously, for I believe that is his mission. 1789 destroyed Monarchy and the nobility, 1848 the bourgeoisie, 1851 the people. Nothing is left but an imbecile *canaille*, and we are all reduced to the same level of mediocrity." He regarded women as bundles of emotion, and confessed that he preferred the dead to the living. Writing in the summer of 1853

he congratulated Victor Hugo on missing the ordeal in France where one could not move a step without being defiled. "The atmosphere is heavy with poisonous vapours. Air! Air! So I open the window and turn my gaze in your direction. Mediocrity loves regulations. I hate all restrictions, corporations, caste, hierarchy, the herd. These things fill my soul with execration."

The prosecution for immorality of the author of *Mme. Bovary*, published serially in the *Revue de Paris* in 1859, challenged his conviction that liberty was the life-blood of literature. "I have now learned," he wrote, "that it is very unpleasant to be involved in a political affair, and that social hypocrisy is a serious matter. This time it has been so stupid that it is ashamed of itself and has beaten a retreat. The book is moral, eminently moral. I shall continue to write with conscience and independence for the sole pleasure of writing. I am not in the least upset. It is too silly. Every man of letters in Paris defends me; they all line up behind me, feeling that my cause is theirs. The police miscalculated. They thought they would go for the first novel which came along. Now, partly owing to the prosecution, mine passes for a masterpiece. I have plenty of what used to be called the great ladies on my side. The Empress has spoken for me and the Emperor says: 'Let him alone.' There is not a line in French literature of the last three centuries which is not equally dangerous to religion and morals. It is all so stupid that I end by being amused." By an illogical compromise the Court censured the novel and acquitted the author. Well might he describe the episode as one of the most inept follies of the reign, and he begged a friend to tell the Emperor so, for the prosecution proved a magnificent advertisement. A few months later the prosecution of Baudelaire led to the omission of some offending verses in *Les Fleurs du Mal* and to the increased sale of the expurgated edition. The misanthrope emerged from the ordeal with an even lower estimate of his fellows. "I neither love life nor fear death," he confided to a friend. "I have no sympathy with any political party or, to be more accurate, I execrate them all because they seem to me equally narrow, false and puerile, living for the moment, without broad views and never rising above the conception of utility. I hate all despotism. I am a rabid liberal. What I have seen, felt, read, has left me with an inextinguishable love of truth. Goethe exclaimed on his death-bed 'Light! Light!' Yes, light, even if it consumes us!"

Most of his closest friends, such as Sainte-Beuve, Gautier and the Goncourt brothers, were *habitués* of Princess Mathilde's salon before he joined them in the middle sixties. Though professing distaste for life in Paris, he enjoyed the friendship of the lively hostess who became one of his chief correspondents. Since there was no obligation to support the Empire, he accepted the red ribbon of the Legion of Honour procured for him by the Princess, and was present at a ball at the Tuileries when the visiting sovereigns flocked to the Great Exhibition in 1867. Never either a declared supporter or declared foe of the Empire, he thought that Rochefort's noisy squibs in *La Lanterne* went too far; and when Sainte-Beuve aroused the wrath of the Princess by writing for the *Temps*, an opposition journal, he took her side. "His worst offence," he wrote to her, "is to have displeased you. When you begged him not to write in that paper he should have desisted. Such are my political views. Yet I quite understand his anger at the rejection of his article elsewhere, and only a man of letters knows how

these things hurt. So I excuse his rancour, but I should not excuse a break with a Government which has done so much for him. You call it treachery, but if he only writes on literature the harm is small. What I cannot forgive is that he has caused you grief, you who have been not merely so kind to him but so devoted."

When Flaubert was blasted out of his ivory tower in 1870 his first reaction was one of anger and disgust. "I am shattered by the folly of my compatriots," he wrote to George Sand on hearing of the declaration of war. "The irremediable barbarism of mankind fills me with black sorrow. This enthusiasm, with no idea behind it, makes me wish for death. The good Frenchman wants to fight because he feels provoked by Prussia, because savagery is the natural condition of man, because there is a *mystique* in war which transports the masses. Have we reverted to racial wars? I fear so. The horrible butchery lacks even a pretext. It is the instinct to fight for fighting's sake. Hobbes was right: *homo homini lupus*. If only I was living among the Bedouins!" His chilly blood began to warm up as bad news streamed in. He brought a revolver in Rouen and began training the local militia; but he can hardly have been an inspiring chief, and he soon resigned on the ground that his men were too undisciplined. "I defend this poor Republic," he wrote to George Sand after Sedan, "but I don't believe in it. It is even more foolish than the Empire and has no use for the Muses. The Latin races are finished. Now it is the turn of the Saxons who will later be swallowed by the Slavs. France needs a leader. A man! a man! We are entering an age of darkness. I hate democracy." Though France is proud of Flaubert, he was never proud of France.

G. P. GOOCH.

Concluded.

TRAVEL IN TITOLAND

IT is refreshing at any time to set eyes on the Adriatic, but especially after touring Poland, Hungary and the isolated interior of Yugoslavia.

On an August morning, three other Cambridge students and I woke tired, dirty and sharp-tempered after endless days of driving along rough, mountainous, dusty roads; driving which demands considerable patience and perseverance. Having broken the silencer, we drove on that morning with the roar of a tank, over intolerably sandy roads, lurching round the sudden sharp corners, the dust penetrating our mouths to form gritty teeth. Though we had known the Adriatic was ahead of us, the irritations of the previous few days had damped our responsiveness to natural beauty. Suddenly, round yet another sharp bend, the blue-green Adriatic lay 4,000 feet below: unrippled, tranquil, under a blazing sun. All difficulties, all anxieties were instantly forgotten; we burst into a tuneful, if not altogether suitable, harmony of "Cherry Ripe" and "Rule Britannia." For the seven following days we zig-zagged our way up the coast, and spent a week-end in the holiday resort of Dubrovnik. Finally we drove along the narrow, unfertile peninsula to the pretty little fishing village of Orebic, little known by tourists. Our intention was to spend a few days on the long island

of Korcula, where we hoped to relax and live a local life. So, the following morning we woke early, and, carrying only the bare essentials, made our way to the quay to await the passenger ferry; the crossing took less than 15 minutes.

Imagination so often raises false hopes. We had read Sir Fitzroy Maclean's account of his wartime activities in the Adriatic islands; we expected isolation and certainly freedom from other tourists. Within minutes of landing, we found these hopes dashed. Passenger boats from mainland holiday resorts occupied almost the whole quayside. Foreigners and Yugoslav holiday-makers swarmed the roads and seafront of the little town of Korcula. Hotels and restaurants provided revolting food at exorbitant rates. The tourist office issued highly coloured pamphlets, exhorting tourists to take advantage of the bathing facilities, and observe ancient buildings and ruins. It was therefore essential to hold an immediate conference, and take some rapid decisions. We were disappointed, as we had only four days to spare and had hoped to make the most of them. Out came our map for a quick inspection of other nearby islands. Vis, a former headquarters of the partisans during the war, was too far. Hvar was too large, and too close to the mainland. The only two within easy reach were Mljet and Lastovo.

At this point, a sharp division of opinion occurred. Two of us felt that Mljet, with its famous lakes and mountains, would be a source of enjoyment. The other two, including myself, decided that Lastovo, out to sea, smaller and prettier, and, according to the map, lacking a single road, might provide the sort of adventure we wanted. So we split into two parties and agreed that, come what may, we would meet four days later, by midday, in Orebic. Ten minutes later, the Mljet party had leapt on to the twice-weekly passenger boat, and disappeared in the maze of islands and peninsulas. We had to wait for the weekly boat to Lastovo, which arrived late that evening, and when her red and white lights appeared out of the darkness, the wind was whipping up a choppy sea. The relative tranquillity of the quay, which had been broken only by the low babble of huddled islanders listening to the local hotel band, was now transformed into a scene of quarrel and chaos. The passengers from Lastovo, mostly women, leapt ashore clinging desparately to their crates of local produce for the Korcula market, throwing tomatoes, potatoes, vegetables, on to the concrete quay, and arguing over the ownership of the produce. Women shrieked and fought each other; a policeman intervened unsuccessfully: a nun surveyed the saturnalia with indifference: and others, like ourselves, watched in immense amusement. It was difficult to believe that, after only an hour of such utter confusion, the boat, with ourselves on board, had slipped quietly from its moorings, and we were bound for Lastovo.

It was nearly midnight when the dark form of the island loomed up against a setting moon. The only person to receive the boat on arrival was a policeman. Much to our surprise he made no attempt to check our identity; and, especially with our new beards, we might have seemed slightly suspect. We followed the other passengers up a steep path which we imagined would lead to the village: but after a little we dropped behind the main stream and found a fairly clear space where we could spend the night in the open. In Yugoslavia, without the English system of summer-time, the sun sets not later than 7 p.m., and seems to rise exces-

sively early. On the mainland the thunderous rattle of carts begins as early as 3 a.m. So the heavy tramp of fishermen's feet on their way to the harbour, and the Mediterranean heat, were enough next day to enforce an early rise. Below us lay the old village of Lastovo in ruins: but when we reached the top of the hill, and had refreshed ourselves at a wayside tap, we discovered the capital. To our north lay the harbour and sea: to our south winding paths, houses and a fully cultivated valley.

When we entered the village square, it was full of fishermen chatting idly in the sun. Our arrival had obviously aroused interest: but at the same time there was a certain air of misgiving. As a result of wartime occupation, they all spoke Italian. We wondered if the Italians had made them hostile towards the English, or was it simply that all foreign visitors were unwelcome? These fears proved groundless—there was a different reason for their caution—and we had three remarkable days. After buying bread, beautifully hot and straight from the oven, at the Co-operative shop, and tomatoes from a private house, we had a refreshing breakfast. Each day the village restaurant laid on an enormous lunch of island produce. A private room was kept for us and there we sat slowly consuming large platefuls of soup, macaroni, crab and local fish.

The Yugoslavs, living in constant fear of another world war, take widespread military precautions. At the top of a steep hill, we were turned away by soldiers occupying a radar station, where they reported the movements of any foreign ship, in particular the Russian submarines based in the harbours of isolated Albania. We followed a road—on which we saw only one lorry, one bus and one car—for seven miles, round mountain sides, through a valley of hops and fruit, till we reached the village of San Pietro. This was not a normal village but built solely for the use of the army and navy. A little further on was a naval harbour. Here we found ourselves under suspicion. The head of the island Commune approached, took our names and addresses, and in fluent French closely questioned us about our activities. It was not until late that evening that we discovered that Marshal Tito, with his wife, was making his first visit to this island on the following morning. That evening, we were kindly entertained and given a room in which to sleep. There was rain that night, the dawn was fresh, and the village stirred early for the great day. There were sudden shouts of excitement from below. From our window, facing north, we could see a convoy of three warships steaming towards San Pietro. Escorted by destroyers ahead and astern, the President's large white yacht slipped through the water. The word "Tito, Tito," echoed round the village. People gathered excitedly in the market square for a free bus ride to meet him—fishermen, fruit growers, young children, and a small party of pretty girls in the island's special costume, making a wonderful splash of red, white and gold. There was a mad rush and scramble for the bus, and with much difficulty we secured two seats in the rear.

In San Pietro the inhabitants, numbering not more than 200, gathered along the quay, and gun boats patrolled the waters. Tension grew as the minutes passed. There was a sudden hush, then a surge forward, as a smart speedboat came in sight, Tito himself at the wheel. Behind him sat his wife, Madame Broz, and his firm friend, Vice-President Rankovic. Tito, looking young and fit, and wearing a light green suit and a panama hat, stepped cheerfully ashore, shook hands, and was presented with a bouquet

by a smart little girl. The crowd began an organized clapping, and burst into shouts of "Hero Tito, Hero Tito." There was no doubt about his popularity. He walked forward through the people, mopping the sweat from his forehead, followed by a posse of officials. My camera was kept busy; he passed within two yards of me and slowed down for a photograph. After inspecting the local fish factory, he refused a car in order to mount the local bus for his ride to Lastovo. Sitting alone in the front seat the President smiled and waved, acknowledging the greetings, and disappeared in a cloud of dust to tour the island. The day had crowned our visit to Yugoslavia: having ourselves set eyes on the man who had for five years fought the Nazis from his rugged mountains; had built, out of seven warring States, a unified and proud nation; defied Stalin and Khrushchev for the sake of his principles; and, the son of a blacksmith, had become in time a leading international Statesman. But what, we thought, would become of Yugoslavia when he dies? Will the nation disintegrate? Will it come under the heel of Russia without the firm guidance, refreshingly independent, of its hero?

R. N. LUCE.

THE REBIRTH OF SICILY

"A NEW Sicily is building up her future—a future for which all the strength and resources of the Region and the State have been working together for the past 10 years." These are the words of the President of the Sicilian Regional Government, Professor Giuseppe La Loggia, in a message in the *Survey of Sicily*, published by *The Statist*. For a long time Sicily was considered an island of striking contrasts—rich in natural beauty and treasures of classical art on the one hand, on the other a land where the Mafia was still rife, the wealthy absentee landlords explored the rural population ruthlessly, and people lived in squalid hovels in the interior of the island, lacking communications of any kind and water. The social conditions were appalling, unemployment reaching 500,000 men and along with it delinquency increasing, and the percentage of illiteracy one of the highest in Italy. It certainly was a depressed area in the midst of a paradise, no longer a garden of abundance the once famous "granary of Rome."

Naturally many tourists and economists asked: "Why does such a difference in the living standard exist between this formerly prosperous and politically important island and the mainland, especially Northern Italy?" There are many reasons for this decline, the chief being the absolute régime of the Spanish and French rulers who, for centuries, treated the people like serfs, suppressing all political freedom and neglecting it economically. With the French Revolution came a breath of freedom and the demand for liberalism, for political and social reform, and it was to Britain that the leading politicians and progressive economists looked for guidance in the following years of struggle for independence. Then a period of depression and stagnation set in again, and strange to say, with the unification of Italy in 1870, an event which all patriots of the Risorgimento had desired

with all their hearts and hailed as a great prize for their sufferings and exile. There are a variety of reasons for this anti-climax, but which became apparent only after some time.

Though the Southern Regions, including Sicily, brought some assets to the new State, they received little in return. Their requests for greater spending on essential public works were often disregarded. Public expenditure was concentrated in the North and orders placed there even for works to be carried out in the South. Southern investments were diverted to enterprises in the North. Taxes paid by Southern consumers went to promote industry in Lombardy and Piedmont, while the South received no benefit. No wonder finance and economy in the South declined under such unfavourable conditions and all spirit of enterprise was gradually killed. But when you talk to the Italians in the North they do not seem to be aware of these facts, otherwise they would not always complain about the heavy burden the unification brought to them as they consider themselves the sufferers having to maintain their poorer brothers in the South.

The whole situation was radically transformed when a new Constitution of the Italian state came into force on January 1, 1948. Up to this date the Italian administrative system was one of the most centralized in Europe, and the majority of the Italian political parties recognized the necessity of granting wider autonomy to certain regions. Under this new law Italy was divided not only into provinces and communes as hitherto—according to the Constitution of 1848—but also into Regions. They were, however, not all given the same structure; they were divided into two groups: those belonging to the first were administered according to uniform rules, according to Art. 115 of the Constitution, whereas the Regions in the second group were to be granted, on account of their individual and peculiar needs, a special structure, in accordance with Art. 116. To this second group belong Sicily, Sardinia, Valle d'Aosta, the Trentino-Upper Adige and the Friuli-Venezia Giulia.

Owing to historical antecedents and the special conditions prevailing in Sicily, its self-government is more extensive than that of any other Region in Italy and extends to the sphere of legislation, administrative and financial powers, conferred upon the Sicilian Regional authorities, i.e., the President, the Assessors and the Assembly. They are entrusted not only with the management of all affairs within the scope of their legislative powers but also with the administration of matters upon which the Italian Government alone can legislate. The Sicilian President has the right, when matters concerning his Region are under discussion, to attend meetings of the Italian Cabinet "with Ministerial rank and with the right to vote," a privilege none of the other Regions enjoy.

This wider Sicilian autonomy has stirred the population as a whole and explains the rapid disappearance of the Sicilian separatist movement, which spread during and after the Second World War, as soon as the Regional Government became an established fact. For the first time since the unification of Italy, the Sicilians were given an opportunity to create and promote themselves the instruments for dealing with the economic depression. One of the measures which proved particularly efficacious and stimulating was wide distribution of credits for investments on favourable conditions. The IRFIS—Regional Institute for the Financing of Industries in Sicily—is the institution entrusted with the task of providing for the

distribution of these medium term credits. They are destined chiefly for the erection of new industrial plants or modernization of those already existent. Special facilities are extended to medium and small enterprises for the purchase of machinery and plant, whether Italian or foreign; besides this, the IRFIS grants all industrial, agricultural and commercial firms special loans for the increase of their output. In the three years of its beginning the IRFIS has granted industrial medium term credits, for a total of industrial investment already realized or in course of realization, amounting to 72,488,000,000 lire. Besides these incentives offered by the Regional Government, there are others, such as special tax reductions, arrangements for the issue of limited liability shares, the creation of new industrial zones and the opening of new bonded warehouses or areas.

Among the various industrial activities promoted in the last 10 years in Sicily none have attracted more widespread attention of leaders and organizers of industry in many parts of the world than the search for natural oil and gases. The most striking has been the discovery and exploitation of oil fields at Ragusa in the South Eastern corner of the island, noted for its asphalt mines. It was the Gulf Italia, the most important private oil company, which began the drilling there in 1953 and completed it in 1954. These wells are now considered to be the most important oil fields in Western Europe. Other discoveries followed at Gela, also in the South, and prospecting is going on in the Catania plain, the basin of Central Sicily and in the West. In Ragusa a pipeline has already been built with a capacity of 2,000,000 tons of oil a year. Gulf Italia's production from Ragusa alone in 1957 reached 1,107,000 tons, more than twice the 1956 production. These represent 12 per cent of the total Italian domestic requirements of crude oil and 87.5 per cent of the total oil production in Italy, including Sicily. For Italy's balance of payments it represented in 1957 an indirect saving of about \$50,000,000. The Sicilian Government's share of revenue from this production—through royalties and direct income and profit taxes—will amount to over 4,000,000,000 lire, a sum equivalent to about 8 per cent of one year's total current revenues. Credit for the striking result must be given to the enlightened policy of the Sicilian Government by means of an attractive oil law and by creating a climate of confidence for the potential investor, and to the cooperation of the companies, Italian and foreign, which do their best to stimulate directly and indirectly local enterprises and engaging local manpower.

These new ventures and their success could not fail to have an enormous psychological effect on the whole population. In place of years of pessimism and despair there is now enthusiasm and optimism, there is a response to the initiatives of the Regional Government, as the achievements made in such a short time are encouraging. To mention only some of them: large-scale land reclamation and redistribution, radical reform in the farming industry, a great increase in public works, new electric industries and a growing output of textiles, cement and chemical fertilizers, the growth in shipping business and development of social services. A vast plan for irrigation works has been laid down by means of which the climatic characteristics of the island for the cultivation of citrus fruits, early vegetables, and industrial crops, such as cotton, tomatoes, sugar beet, etc., will be utilized. The satisfactory results already obtained in the spheres of oil, natural gas and potash have led to investigation of radio-active materials

and other valuable minerals essential for modern technical processes. Also the important export trades, consisting chiefly of citrus fruit and other horticultural products, sulphur and salt, show satisfactory progress. It is safe to predict that Sicily will win a position on the international markets in proportion to its resources, its productive capacity and the enterprising spirit of its inhabitants. The whole situation is changed: the depressed area is receding and giving way to progress in the economic field and to a higher standard of living. The hard core of constant unemployed is broken. Sicilian manpower, which has already shown remarkable aptitude for industrial training and for specialization in the more advanced branches of technical production, can look forward to full employment in the future instead of casual work and worry how to provide for their families from day to day. There are many training schools and centres in operation which bring labour to the standards required by the new industries.

Sicily has at all times produced great men—philosophers, writers and artists. In our times Benedetto Croce, philosopher and critic, Luigi Pirandello, writer and creator of modern drama, are eminent representatives of the Sicilian philosophic and creative genius. Now the Sicilians put their intellectual gifts to more practical use, and show imagination and ability for the rewarding task of leading their country towards renewed prosperity. All friends of Sicily, and especially those in Great Britain, which has had close relations since the Middle Ages with the island, will wish it the deserved success and hope a new and happy Sicily will arise worthy of her glorious past.

HELENA SACHS.

It is significant that several books about Sicily have recently been published, attesting to the lively interest it has attracted.

Sicily, by Heinrich Schwarz (Thames & Hudson, 50s.), with photographs by Dr. A. Nawrath, contains a brief descriptive text and 169 photographs with concise notes.

Sicily, the Garden of the Mediterranean, by Francis M. Guercio (Faber & Faber, 30s.), also gives an excellent picture of the island in its topographical, historical and cultural aspects.

Survey of Sicily, is a highly interesting and comprehensive publication by *The Statist*, April, 1957. Here the reader more interested in technical and financial matter will find articles written by eminent specialists on various economic, financial and technical subjects, such as "The Regional Autonomy of Sicily," "Sicily's Imports and Exports," "The Role of the Banks in the Development of Sicilian Economy," "The Sicilian Regional Oil Policy" and many more.

ROGER MARTIN DU GARD

WHAT does the name Roger Martin du Gard signify? In France it stands for a most illustrious novelist whose recent death plunged the literary world into mourning, just as his nomination for the Nobel Prize in 1937 glorified and honoured it. Little has been written in this country about the man who has been called the Tolstoi of France; he was something of a shy and modest recluse who avoided publicity, disliked being photographed, and whose life was devoted to his writing. He began his career as a novelist in 1908; it was not until 1913 however that he published his first important novel "Jean Barois." This success was achieved not without disappointment and difficulty. His first attempt at

publication ended in complete failure: the publisher, no doubt disconcerted by the unusual style of the book which was written in the form of a dialogue, told him that it was unreadable. Coming as it did from a person whose reputation as a critic was regarded with respect, this opinion threw him into a state of extreme depression. In a chance meeting he talked about his disappointment to the publisher Gaston Gallimard, who offered to submit the manuscript to his colleagues of the *Nouvelle Revue française* among whom was André Gide. The verdict of Gide that it should be published without delay filled him with elation and marked another important phase in his career, the beginning of a life-long friendship between the two authors.

Immediately after its publication "*Jean Barois*" was noticed by the critics who decided to bring it to the attention of the reading public. This chronicle of "*l'Affaire Dreyfus*" and the Great War was an immediate success, completely justifying Gide's faith in it. It is interesting to think that it was Gide who, on behalf of the *Nouvelle Revue française*, refused the first volume of Marcel Proust's great novel "*A la Recherche du Temps Perdu*." Martin du Gard then turned to the theatre and wrote several plays for the group "*Vieux Colombier*," the first being "*Le Testament du Père Leleu*." Then followed "*La Gonfle*" and several years later, "*Un Taciturne*" which was produced by Louis Jouvet. But the author found his maturity and fame with the monumental work "*Les Thibault*," which he wrote in the form of a "*roman-fleuve*" of 12 volumes, beginning in 1922 and not finishing until 1940. This was the work which earned him the Nobel Prize in 1937. It was this novel around which his life revolved, to which he devoted all his care and all his time and for which he forsook public life, content to live in solitude in the country, seeing no-one but his most intimate friends. To use his own words, he carried the images of "*Les Thibault*"—"in my head and in my suitcases." From its conception with the first volume "*le Cahier Gris*" and until the publication of the final volume "*l'Épilogue*" the author never lost his greatness.

"*Les Thibault*" is a psychological novel, revolving around two middle class families in the period between 1900 and 1920, one Catholic and the other Protestant. The characters are scrupulously analysed, as is their *milieu* and their times. The story tells of the conflict of generations between "*Le Père Thibault*," an authoritative personality, and his two sons who, although dissimilar, cling equally to their belief in liberty and truth, and how they are caught up in the whirlpool of the war in which one of them, a pacifist, is killed. Those who have read "*Les Thibault*" know it to be a thoughtful, solid and carefully constructed classic, written in the sober style which was that of Martin du Gard; a vast contribution to the history of his time in which the characteristics and traits of each character are brought out with subtlety and understanding. His greatest concern was that with "*Les Thibault*" he should build something durable, a testimony to the ability of the writer to live on through his art, to combat the brevity of human life. As a confirmed agnostic art was the only faith he acknowledged, a view which was shared by André Gide, and in this belief he never faltered. His monument was to be "*Les Thibault*" and his immortality assured through the characters he had created.

A long silence followed after the final completion of his great masterpiece, broken only by his translation of the famous "*Olivia*." He is believed

to have been working on another important and vast novel, but at the time of his death it was not completed. It may have been that owing to the success of "Les Thibault" and its impact on the most advanced thinkers, he was reluctant to produce another work which might not be worthy of the first. In this, as in all things, he showed himself to be a man of the highest intellectual integrity and honesty. There remains his Diary, kept over a period of many years, which is in the custody of the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris, and which may one day be published to reveal a more intimate knowledge of the man who was Roger Martin du Gard.

ENA F. WILLIAMS

THE SEASON OF CHANGE

SURELY in no lifetime since the signing of Magna Carta have greater changes been crowded into 60 or 70 years and no equal period of time has witnessed an equally rapid march of events. A few months ago I drove past the site of the Crystal Palace. My thoughts turned to the scene that greeted the small boy of the late '70s and early '80s and recalled a marvellous exhibition of electric lighting, the first of its kind. In the drawing room there my father said with what seemed dangerous optimism: "The time will come when every home or nearly every one will have light like this." In those days, if memory serves me truly, four-horse coaches assembled in Hyde Park for summer outings to the Crystal Palace for dinner and fireworks. There was an annual Rose Show; admission on the opening day cost five shillings and one of the prizewinners or judges was safe to be gentle, lovable Dr. Shackleton, father of the explorer. There was a Triennial Handel Festival with a stupendous chorus. There were Saturday symphony concerts conducted by August Manns; I saw his hair pass from black to white. Sir George Grove was a regular attendant and taught the small boy to appreciate classical music. Sims Reeves lived nearby, an imposing exterior with a kind heart beneath, and my good friend.

In town the "growler" or four-wheeled cab was respectable; a hansom was regarded as a vehicle for the dissipated. You did not see women in restaurants nor could you take a girl friend to the theatre without a chaperon. Music halls were for men; some very clever artistes, notably Marie Lloyd, never forgot this. After 11 o'clock the West End thoroughfares filled with prostitutes; Seven Dials and Shaftesbury Avenue were best left alone. The coming of the Palace Theatre altered the character of the Avenue; built for opera, the house failed until old Charles Morton turned it into a music hall. The first motor car had yet to reach the West End, but the show of horses in the park on a sunny afternoon in the season was a delight. Sometimes royalty would be seen; Alexandra coming to or from Marlborough House could always command attention. The underground railways of London, District and Metropolitan knew nothing about electricity and quite a lot about suffocating fumes; the Tube which started life in an all round twopenny fare had not reached the plane of manifesta-

tion. Omnibuses and trams were horse drawn, the life of horses hard and brief. The East End of London, particularly in the neighbourhood of Chinatown, was picturesque and full of a sordid romance; Thomas Burke became its laureate and his books should live. There was an authentic Jewish quarter round Aldgate, and Zangwill woke the world to consciousness of it when he wrote *Children of the Ghetto* and established his reputation. Socialism did not exist as a political force. Lord Salisbury had succeeded Lord Beaconsfield, and there was a Liberal Party led by Mr. Gladstone, a man repugnant to God and Queen Victoria. Keir Hardie's cloth cap had not defiled the precincts of Westminster.

Looking back to days when as a busy journalist it was my privilege to meet many of England's leading men and women, a question comes unbidden to the mind: where are they now, who remembers their form, their voice, their teachings? They moved as though sure of immortality, the politicians, musicians, actors, poets, writers. In those days self-satisfaction seemed to march hand in hand with success, and every performer, whether on stage or platform, in print or in paint, was convinced that he had erected in his own honour a monument more enduring than brass. Show Sundays, one for the rank and file and another a week later for Academicians and Associates, are among my most pleasant memories, with crowded studios, urbane and condescending artists, attractive canvases, refreshment and congratulation. Immortal works were to be presented to the world. Leighton, Millais, Val Prinsep, Alma Tadema, G. F. Leslie, Herkomer, Burne Jones, Holman Hunt, to set down but a few names that return; where is their audience now? Yet in their season they could delight us as Joachim, Patti, Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, Charles Wyndham and Beerbohm Tree did in the fullness of their day or night. Fame must boast a wondrous quality to survive the indifference of a succeeding generation. Perhaps the writers and the poets have the best chance, for the printed word remains; we may neglect old favourites but we do return to them now and again. Browning, Pater, Matthew Arnold were living when I was young. Dickens had only lately passed. Their contemporaries, artists and musicians and politicians, or most of them, are consigned to the wallet on Time's back "wherein he keeps alms for oblivion."

Turning from the town to the country, change is even greater. In the rural areas as I knew them the farm worker was a serf; he earned a wage that did not always reach 18 pence a day, and never touched two shillings. His wife had to tend the children, cook and clean in a tumble-down cottage with a kitchen-living-room for all purposes, one or two bedrooms grossly overcrowded and very often a thatched roof that was not watertight. He had no holidays other than Good Friday and Christmas Day, no amusements. His food was chiefly vegetables; he poached rabbits when and where he could but if caught a prison sentence was inevitable, for he was not able to pay a fine however small. When he could work no longer he was carted off to the workhouse to die in a few weeks. These conditions prevailed as the old century went out and the new one came in. Few cared for the farm worker or his family, and the infant mortality was very high. The farmers themselves were having a bad time, but I knew men who complained that they could not pay their rent and must have a rebate though they kept a couple of hunters in their

stables and good port in their cellars. They and their wives honestly regarded their workers as a race apart. On what were called "offhand farms," holdings so far from the main farmhouse that they were managed by a "Looker" or overseer, it was customary for the Looker and his wife to drive to the village and buy up all the butcher's waste pieces and the grocer's oddments and take them back for sale at a profit to the men who had earned nine or ten shillings a week. Those who refused to buy were dismissed; labour was plentiful and jobs hard to find. So the scandal persisted until public opinion was stirred and the question arose of these sales being an offence under the Truck Acts. Wages at one time were mixed up with "small beer" and the man who elected to take his share of this home brew might get seven shillings a week while those who did not want it received nine. Improvement was so slow that the opening of the war in 1914 found the labourer working for half-a-crown a day. The need for home grown food forced the farm worker's wage to 46 shillings a week; ruined farmers with pockets full of money protested in vain.

It is reasonable for those of my generation, as they look upon the world they are leaving, to be full of hope for the future they may not share. The four freedoms look to be on the march in spite of the superlative powers of destruction that the mishandling of the atom has conferred upon mankind. We will not believe that the Divine Intention is to be frustrated by those who may destroy a populous city but cannot give back the vital spark to a dead gnat. I have a firm feeling that life will prove stronger than the forces of destruction and that men will rise to greater heights. This faith is justified by briefest consideration of changes wrought by the past half century, changes that have been in the main beneficial. If the spiritual progress had been on a par with material advancement the millennium would needs be near at hand.

S. L. BENSUSAN

FILLING UP THE CASPIAN

RUSSIA'S great land-locked lake, the biggest on earth, might nowadays well be termed the "Soviets' Sinking (or Shrinking) Sea." Indeed, the Caspian Sea, with its teeming commerce and almost fabulously rich fisheries, is shrinking so fast that the Russians are getting worried about it. Soviet scientists have established that during the past quarter of a century the level of the Caspian has fallen by eight feet, and at the same time it has lost 8,000 square miles of its area. This is a continuation of a long-established process, for it is estimated that the area of the sea has shrunk by more than 50,000 square miles in historic times. In several places this century the water has receded from 10 to 16 miles from the former shore line. Loss from evaporation now largely exceeds the inflow from the rivers, with the result that fishing and shipping conditions are steadily getting more difficult. In order to restore the balance the Russians have decided on drastic measures.

Before detailing these, a few salient facts about the sea will prove useful. It fills the deepest part of a vast depression, sometimes known as the Aralo-Caspian depression (it is possible that the Sea of Aral was formerly

linked with it), once an inland sea, the Eurasian Mediterranean, or Sarmation Ocean. The Caspian is 760 miles long and varies from 120 to 300 miles. Its maximum depth is over 3,000 ft., and it has an area of more than 170,000 square miles. This makes it larger than either the Red Sea or the Baltic, and approximately three-quarters of the size of the North Sea. Yet its depth is such that the volume of the water is greater than the waters of the North Sea and Baltic combined. Some idea of the tremendous changes that have taken place since prehistoric times is apparent from the statement that whereas at one time the Caspian was level with the Black Sea, nowadays its waters are about 80 feet below it.

The Russians plan to divert from 80,000 million to 100,000 cubic yards of water into the Caspian to replenish what it has been losing through excessive evaporation. Part of the plan provides for the emptying of the Petchora and Wychehga rivers into the Caspian by way of the Kama and the Volga. Another project is to reverse the flow of the great Siberian rivers Ob and Yenisei, in order to direct some of their waters into the Caspian Sea. This, it is calculated, would add sufficient water to meet the loss of evaporation. The plan appears to be part of the so-called "Greater Volga Project," which had to be suspended when the Nazis invaded the Soviet Union. This project envisages a vast network of waterways creating a through route from the Caspian to the White Sea and the Arctic Ocean. Even before the war this existed in skeleton form, canals uniting the tributaries of the Volga to those of the Neva, forming a medium of communication between the Caspian and the Baltic, and others with the Black and White Seas. Much work has been done during the post-war years to open up the routes to larger vessels, and the entire project involves besides changing the courses of several rivers, rebuilding hundreds of miles of canal, and providing many new dams and hydro-electric power stations. It affects an area with a population of between 50 and 60 millions. From Astrakhan, on an island 50 miles from the mouth of the Volga on the Caspian, to the Baltic and Leningrad is 2,500 miles, and to Archangel, on the Dvina, facing the Arctic 700 miles north of Moscow, 3,000 miles.

The main supplier of water to the Caspian is the 2,400-mile Volga, which is estimated to pour in two-thirds of the total. Also from the north and west come the Ural, the Terek, the Sulak and the Samur; and from the south and east the Kura and Aras, and the Sefid-rud and Atrek. But the rivers have been increasingly used for irrigation schemes this century, with the process continuing, and in consequence the quantity of water they feed into the Caspian has been correspondingly lessened. Yet there is evidence, quite apart from this, that the level of the Caspian has varied down the centuries. Water gauge records have been available since 1830, and this century appears to have been a period of lower water than since the sixteenth. Russian scientists believe that the variations of the sea are in part due to meteorological conditions. Meteorological testimony supports the inference that during the high water period of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries the Volga was carrying much more water to the Caspian than during the preceding and succeeding periods. At the mouths of the Volga there are erosion channels believed to have been formed in a prehistoric period of hot, dry summers when the Caspian was very low. Certain soils in the Caspian region appear to indicate a warmer and drier climate once prevailed than that now experienced.

A special commission of the USSR Academy of Sciences, together with shipping experts, have gone into the problem of the shrinkage of the Caspian, and there seems to be evidence that man himself may have adversely affected the flow of the rivers into the sea. A wide forest belt used to extend east of the river, running down to the shores of the Caspian. This forest area stopped part of the waves of dry, scorching air known as the "sukhovey," the dry wind which sweeps across the Caspian, drawing off its water in evaporation. The water was deposited again in the Volga Basin and drained back into the Caspian, nature providing a compensating balance. In modern times, however, as in other countries, there has been heavy felling for timber and for the creation of crop-growing areas. As the result, the winds drive much further westwards before releasing the moisture drawn up from the Caspian, and this is lost in the Black Sea region. During the past 25 years, Soviet scientists report, the Volga has been annually contributing 50 billion cubic yards of water less than before as the outcome of the conditions outlined above. In evaporation they estimate the Caspian yields 410 billion cubic yards of water a year. About 70 billions are returned in the form of rainfall and condensation, leaving 340 billion cubic yards to be supplied by the other rivers. The Russians have realised the danger of this decrease, and as one means of checking it they are engaged in huge shelter-belt planting schemes, involving tens of millions of trees, just as the Americans are in the Middle West, in their "Dust Bowl" area.

From what has been said already it is apparent that the Caspian's indispensable artery and lifeline is mighty "Mother Volga," which winds in majestic curves over the plains of Russia, and eventually past the mosques and minarets of Astrakhan to empty itself in 200 mouths into the Caspian. It is navigable for five-sixths of its length, 2,000 miles, and is the supreme commercial highway of the country. Down its course come manufactured goods and timber from the north; upwards travel grain, oil from Baku, cotton from the Ukraine and Persia; and its waters are rich in salmon and sturgeon. Astrakhan is a venerable, semi-oriental city which has passed through many vicissitudes, among them fire, cholera, and famine, the last after World War I. Tartars, Turks, and Persians have plundered it from time to time. Its commercial importance is great, and the city occupies a focal point in the communications of the USSR.

Astrakhan is linked by sea with Baku on the western shores of the Caspian. Here is situated one of the world's earliest oil-fields. The whole country around steams and stinks of oil. Baku today is a huge industrial area of almost one million people, with electric railways running a 15-minute rush-hour service. A century back it was a village of 15 hundred people. It knows the meaning of war, revolution, anarchy and insurrection. In 1905 revolutionaries burnt the oil workings and during the 1917 revolution great damage was done. The Turks occupied it for a time and then withdrew, and during the last war Hitler's panzers failed to reach it. Today it has huge refineries, engineering works and dry docks. There is a tanker service across the Caspian. Contrasted with the so-called "Black City" of Baku are many fine flat-roofed houses, recalling the days when foreign magnates took a hand in exploiting the oil. Around them are oases of green gardens set amidst industrial dirt. Some of these in the past were nothing less than private palaces overlooking the fine bay, and upon

which those who made millions out of Caucasia's black gold lavished their wealth.

It has been pointed out earlier that the Caspian ports are feeling the adverse effects of the shrinking sea, and many piers and moorings have become useless. So serious is the position that oil transports are finding it difficult to navigate, and one plan is to build a 280-mile-long dyke across the northern section of the sea to maintain depths in the affected harbours. The fishing industry is suffering also, and places where the precious sturgeon used to spawn are now high and dry. Few other lakes or seas are so richly stocked with varied species—sturgeon, salmon, carp, perch, herring, and so on, and large quantities of caviare are made from the roes of the first-named. At one time the Caspian was over-fished, but the Russians have put the industry on a scientific basis with the object of conserving the supplies.

Unlike the lakes of North America and Africa, the Caspian is not fresh water, although the salinity varies. It is by no means a peaceful lake, although land-locked, and all too often the fishing vessels are caught in blizzards and frozen in by icefloes. The temperature in the northern half often drops far below zero with 50 or so degrees of frost, as icy winds whip over the vast plains, shrivelling everything in their path, and freezing up the almost tideless sea. In the south the average temperature is 30 degrees higher than around the mouths of the Volga, where the sea is frozen 112 days a year on the average. Climatic conditions are not only severe, but as well violent storms occur. On July 15 last year a vessel belonging to the Soviet Ministry of Fisheries sank during such a storm after hitting rocks while bound for Baku, with every one of its 270 passengers and crew.

The coasts of the Caspian abound in a remarkable variety of names. This is because the whole region lay on the borderland between the old world and the Asiatic steppes, and was overrun by successive hordes of invaders, the most ferocious being the thirteenth century Mongols. Thus Persian, Turkish and Tartar names are intermingled, and the later Russian advance has led to a further change in the nomenclature of large areas.

E. R. YARHAM

CHURCHES CO-OPERATE

TEN years ago in Amsterdam the boldest venture of co-operation between the Churches of the world since the Reformation began to organize its life in the World Council of Churches. It is easy enough to criticize this venture as not being fully representative of the Christian Churches of the world. The Roman Catholic Church does not co-operate, and the Orthodox Church, in its various national groupings, is not always an enthusiastic co-operator; but with the Russian Church now considering the possibility of sending representatives to next year's meetings of the Council's Central Committee there is hope of this balance being corrected. One of the greatest of the American Protestant Churches—the Southern Baptist—is also outside the Council's life, as are many of the independent

evangelical Churches. But the fact is that 171 member Churches of the world, ranging from the Old Catholics to the Disciples of Christ, are in membership, and show by their support of the Council and attendance at meetings that they believe in it. To get this diversified group of churchmen to stay together over a 10-year period is no small achievement, and that in itself would be a signal distinction for any Church organization; but the Council has done much more than merely hold its members together in a delicate and ineffectual fellowship. It has compelled them to face one another across the council tables, to worship together, to take part in a big range of practical undertakings, and to make the beginnings of realizing something of the meaning of the Council's sign word "oikoumene"—the "household of faith."

The Council has never seen itself as a promoter and organizer of unity amongst the Churches, although through its meetings and consultations churchmen of varied camps have met and have faced the questions of unity as they arise in their own national circumstances. No Council would have lasted 10 years if its sole object was the promotion of unity schemes. Its task is much more comprehensive than that. It is to foster a sense of "belonging together" in a world now capable of both understanding and practising Christian fellowship on a world scale. There are obvious dangers here. One of them is that the Council may be an end in itself, another—a point its critics make—that it may become a super-Church. Both of these dangers it has most successfully avoided in the first 10 years of its life. One of its pioneers, the late Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. William Temple, put the position very clearly when he said "Any authority that the Council will have will consist in the weight which it carries with the churches by its own wisdom."

During its 10 years of existence the Council has performed much notable service to suffering humanity in finding homes for thousands of refugees and dispossessed people. Its system of sponsors for refugees in the churches of the United States, Canada, Australia and New Zealand has meant a more speedy move and swifter beginnings of new life in hopeful surroundings for people from Europe and China. It recently moved in a body 1,000 members of the religious-agricultural community from North China known as the Old Believers. Expelled from Russia into China the Old Believers are first-rate farmers, and to give them a new lease of life in the new world the Council bought 6,000 acres of virgin land in Brazil and arranged for their transportation. The negotiations took six years to complete, and probably only the patience and dedication of a religious organization would have seen the project through to success. Another area of vigorous leadership has opened up in the last four years in the studies the Council has organized in the "rapid social change" countries of the world where the changes have been so swift that many of the smaller Christian Churches have been bewildered about the guidance they should offer to the communities they live in. In Africa, Asia and Latin America the Council has teams of advisers who assist the local churches in surveying their responsibilities, and in claiming the right of the Christian Church to speak about the conditions and consequences of changes brought about by the rise of nationalism, the arrival of new independent countries, and the impact of industrialism on under-developed countries. In the Asian and African countries the Christian Churches are small and ill-equipped in sociological

understanding, but the World Council of Churches' programme of advice and assistance has helped them to meet the new and challenging circumstances of their life.

Another significant achievement of the Council is in its Commission for International Affairs which watches over questions to do with human rights, religious liberty, the constitutions of new countries, the issues raised by nuclear power, and which maintains in New York a permanent staff at the United Nations. Through its 350 correspondents in 70 different countries the Commission is intelligently, and sometimes uniquely, informed about international affairs and the statesmen of the world have come to value its advice and judgment. In this way the non-Roman Catholic Christian Churches have, for the first time in their history, an authoritative voice in international discussions. The Commission is proposing now to carry out an investigation into the position of religious liberty throughout the world, and in doing so it is concerned not only about the rights of the Christian religion, but is equally alive to the needs of all religions and all organized faiths. Its basic declarations speak for the Jew, the Buddhist, the Muslim or the Hindu, and also for all the many lesser religious groups which find themselves harried and oppressed in totalitarian countries. The Commission believes that the time is now ripe for this investigation. It is now over 10 years since the Universal Declaration of Human Rights was adopted, a period during which the control of government and the pressures of society have threatened religious liberty both administratively, educationally and socially.

In 1961 the Council plans to hold its third World Assembly in Ceylon. This meeting will be the greatest Christian event in Asia in modern times, and will go a long way to rectify the balance between West and East in the life of the World Council of Churches. Its Asian critics accuse it of being a Western creation, dependent on American money, but its astonishingly varied membership now shows that it is living up to its title more successfully than when it was founded in 1948. If the Russian Churches would eventually join the company—as the Chinese Churches have done from the start—the Council will be able to speak with authority in the name of practically the whole of non-Roman Catholic Christendom.

CECIL NORTHCOTT.

THE MAGPIE

GAUDY brigand of the bird world, the magpie is increasing in Britain more spectacularly and more ominously than any other species. During the past two decades, thanks to the breaking-up of the big estates and the lack of game preservation, this handsome pied bird has been finding life easier than ever before. As a result you now find magpies almost everywhere in good numbers and, in many parts they are over-abundant. This would not matter very much were it not for the fact that the magpie is a brigand, a robber and a thief. Always an enemy of the gamekeeper, he now challenges the poultry-keeper, the fruit-grower and the farmer on an unprecedented scale. Reports from a wide

range of counties in England, in the South, the Midlands, East Anglia and in the West Country, show that magpies are becoming too numerous for the safety of crops and livestock, stealing eggs and young chickens, robbing orchards and sown fields, even menacing lambs. This is so far a local danger, but it must be apparent over the entire country that since the war our magpie population has multiplied as never before. Take a train out of London in any direction, and you will see a dozen magpies from the carriage window before half that number of miles have gone by. Where one or two were seen in the past, five or six now occur in all their conspicuous arrogance.

Nor is this all, for as well as growing much more plentiful, magpies have lost much of their former fear of man. Instead of being one of the wariest birds of the countryside, they are now among the boldest, ignoring human beings to feed and even nest in gardens and within sight of dwellings. Not that the magpie has ever been a rare bird, for its cunning and adaptability (it is a member of the crow tribe, the most intelligent and resourceful of all birds) always made it difficult for gamekeepers to keep down entirely. Yet whereas a country ramble might afford a hasty glimpse of a chattering, retreating black-and-white creature, dodging clumsily among the branches, that same walk today will yield perhaps half a dozen birds, scattered in pairs in field and coppice, and the view obtained of them will be clear and lengthy, for they now usually allow approach to within 15 or 20 yards at least. In trees one may pass a few feet beneath without a magpie taking fright, whereas before the war some careful stalking would be needed to get a good view of one in the woods. This unusual state of affairs is likely to continue for some time to come, as gamekeepers become increasingly fewer. Further, time and cartridges are limited to the farmer, and without a systematic reduction in their numbers maintained over a period of several years, magpies will hold their own. Apart from their undoubted damage to poultry, crops and livestock—and they have been known to attack donkeys and ponies, while sickly or new-born lambs are favourite quarry—magpies today present an interesting spectacle to naturalists and bird lovers generally. They show sufficient disregard for man to come close to his buildings, and also live much more freely in suburbs and the fringes of towns and cities. A magpie-free patch of countryside is today something quite out of the ordinary and also, it must be admitted, lacking in an attractive if roguish creature.

There is no mistaking a magpie, a fact that probably helps to explain the considerable notice that has always been taken of them in most European countries. The dazzling combination of black and snowy white, the intelligent head and massive bill, the marked black waistcoat effect, the black wings and long tapering tail, all catch the eye. Viewed at closer quarters, as is now possible with little difficulty, the magpie is indeed a fine fellow. For the black on his plumage shines in wonderful shades of iridescent green and purple and red, making the defiant swagger of the bird all the more endearing. On the ground he looks concerned, endlessly busy with food-finding; in the air he looks a trifle uneasy, unsteadily battling along with wobbly tail, although in fact he may fly strongly if need be. On a branch, no other bird has such a look of infinite cunning and devilment.

Magpies are still recognised as both good and bad omens, mostly bad,

and few birds have such a part in the superstitious folk-lore of many countries. The old English rhyme is well known, and perhaps its commonest version runs:

One for sorrow
Two for mirth
Three for a wedding
Four for a birth
Five for Heaven
Six for Hell
Seven for the Devil's own sel'.

There are many local variations and some longer versions. In any event, the idea was to attach some significance to seeing a number of magpies together, particularly more than two or three. Nowadays the point is somewhat lost, and many people would like a rhyme that runs to 20 or 30. Incidentally, such large concourses are not uncommon, and in parts where they are especially abundant as many as 100 or 150 may assemble in late winter in a kind of preliminary sorting out before nesting begins.

Although in "The Prelude" Wordsworth says:

I would readily rejoice

If two suspicious magpies crossed my way

most country folk view the bird with suspicion older than any knowledge of the harm it may do. In some remote West Country parts the bird is held to be almost sacred and inviolate, and the only way to counteract its undoubted evil influence is to spit in one's hat. Other rural folk prefer the less troublesome method of hanging up a bundle of heather or laurel to placate the evil. Old-time sportsmen were no less superstitious, believing that:

If a magpie cross thy route

When thou goes forth to shoot

Whether partridge, hare or duck,

Thou shalt have the worst of luck.

Other lands are equally concerned about the appearance of this bird. The visitor from England is frequently amazed at the tameness of naturally wild magpies in Norway and in fact all the Scandinavian countries. Here the birds have no fear of man and live habitually close to him, nesting under the eaves of barns and farmhouses, even on telegraph poles. The Scandinavians regard magpies as harbingers of good fortune, and it means ill if anyone drives them away after they have taken up their quarters by the house. What is even more remarkable is that magpies have traditionally always been like this, confiding and friendly, although not averse to stealing and meddling in human affairs when opportunity occurs.

Only in Britain have they grown unusually shy through centuries of close persecution, so the present trend is but a reversion to traditional behaviour. In France they are almost as tame, and the peasantry leave them alone so widely that it is almost the only unpersecuted wild bird. Italians respect the bird, and the Germans have given it a special place in their folk-lore, believing that it is an agent of the powers of darkness, and always a bird to be reckoned with. Germans also believe that magpie's chattering call announces the approach of intruders—it is often enough a natural warning cry—and they have an old saying which perpetuates this belief: "The magpie chatters; we shall have visitors."

Magpies make excellent pets, but their owners often tire of the occasional ill-temper and revengeful nature of the most teachable bird. And petty thefts must be reckoned with, as when jackdaws are kept as pets. Not long ago the maids at a Colchester school mistakenly accused the boys of hiding 35 clothes pegs. These were later found inside a magpie's nest in the school grounds. The sworn enemy of all nesting birds, as well as helpless young in the nest, from chaffinches to pheasants, the magpie makes doubly sure no other marauder shall attack its own ugly, vociferous young by building them a veritable fortress of a nest. Their eggs figure in few schoolboys' collections, and not without reason. For inside the thickest part of a tall bush or low tree magpie pairs build a stout cup of clay and sticks, then roof it over with thorny twigs and roots, lining it inside with hair, and leaving only an entrance just large enough for the adult bird to pass through. The result is well-nigh impregnable, and this again is one of the reasons why they hold their own so well. No one wants unconditional preservation for this bird in view of its acknowledged sins, and to afford it special protection like the eccentric naturalist Waterton did, "on account of its having nobody to stand up for it," would be absurd. Yet a judicious thinning in over-populated areas would reduce the potential and actual damage, and leave us a most interesting and spectacular bird. There will always be a few hanging on the keeper's gibbet, as Edward Thomas described:

There was a magpie, too,
Had a long tongue and a long tail;
He could both talk and do—
But what did that avail?
He, too, flaps in the wind and rain
Alongside weasel and crow,
Without pleasure, without pain,
On the dead oak tree bough.

Though we know they have earned their place there, we would miss seeing the noisy magpies if they ever left the country scene.

DAVID GUNSTON.

THE FUTURE OF FORMOSA

A HEAVY shower of rain one night in Tokyo is responsible for this fantastic article, rain which brought me by chance into contact with the mysterious chief of a movement that aims at gaining "freedom" for Formosa. The movement, which has existed for 11 years, contends that Formosa—that perpetual "hot spot" island off China—should be run by the Formosans and not by the Chinese, whether Nationalist or Red. On holiday in Tokyo recently, I stayed at a suburb a 20-minute journey by electric train from the centre of the city. After attending a show in the Ginza, Tokyo's "Broadway," one night, I arrived back at the suburban railway station at about 11 p.m., and to escape the rain I entered a nearby restaurant. I was surprised when a man spoke to me in good English. He proved to be a Formosan, and upon learning that I was a newspaperman, he broached the subject of getting "independence" for

his country. Later, he invited me to meet other members of the movement, and we went a short distance along the street to a very dimly-lit coffee shop. Upstairs we were joined by two more conspirators, and my three hosts talked to me softly, intently, by flickering candles.

All these men were leading lights in the freedom organization. They stared grimly at me from the semi-darkness as we sat around a table; their determination seemed increased by the shadows the candles cast over their faces. They arranged for me to meet their leader, Dr. Thomas W. I. Liao, otherwise known as Liao Bun-ge, a 48-year-old native-born Formosan, who flits furtively about Tokyo, presumably in fear for his life. These men gave me copies of their own newspaper, the Taiwan Minpo, one issue of which reproduced a clipping from a leading Japanese newspaper, and the headline read: "\$30,000 Said Offered for Capture of Exile Formosan." The clipping stated that the Nationalist Chinese Government had allegedly offered U.S. \$30,000 for the head of Dr. Liao, the president of the exiled Formosan Democratic Independence Party. This Nationalist offer, according to a party spokesman, was a reaction to the setting up of a 24-man Formosan Provisional National Congress in Tokyo. The offer was said to have been reported by a Formosan national who had been believed by the Nationalist intelligence agents to be politically neutral. Other statements in the clipping were: "Nationalist intelligence agents operate in Japan under the leadership of a Moscow classmate of President Chiang Kai-shek's eldest son, General Chiang Ching-kuo, the Formosans assert. Their duties are to watch the movements and activities of Formosan independence advocates, and also to keep watch on Nationalist officials in Japan to prevent defections to the Communists, the Formosans charge." After the reward was offered queer things happened, Dr. Liao told me. Strange Chinese men made enquiries at the hotel where he was staying, asking times of his movements.

At a hostel where other Formosans were living one Chinese appeared mysteriously on each of three floors. Two Formosan youths were sent from Formosa to attempt to join the party, but the secretary was suspicious because the youths insisted that they wanted to see Dr. Liao personally. Then they were seen to contact a known Nationalist agent in Tokyo, according to the doctor. And I was told that when Dr. Liao lived in the Tokyo suburb to which I have referred, five Japanese-speaking Chinese arrived in a black sedan car and knocked at the door of his residence. They told a servant they were from the Japanese police, and asked to see the doctor. The servant said he had gone away for three months. The Japanese police, however, denied sending anyone. Dr. Liao moved to another address.

Another story was that Mr. Yiu Ek-bing, who was Dr. Liao's chief of propaganda, was visited at his home in Oimachi on one occasion at midnight by four Chinese who invited him to a night club. He refused to go and a struggle ensued as they dragged him towards a car. He escaped when friends came to the rescue.

A previous propaganda chief, Mr. So Yo Den, who "turned purple and died" after eating a meal, was alleged to have been poisoned by a "Nationalist spy."

A different angle on the cloak-and-dagger story was that Nationalist agents were said to pretend they were working for news agencies. Dr. Liao

has an intriguing tale to tell about General Chiang Ching-kuo (President Chiang's son). According to the doctor, the general tried to buy his co-operation at a meeting arranged in the lobby of Tokyo's famous Imperial Hotel, four years ago. In an attempt to get something about the other side of the picture, I called at the Nationalist Chinese Embassy in Tokyo. There, Mr. Teng Yu-teh, Press Counsellor, promptly denied and ridiculed the story of the "so-called price on Dr. Liao's head." And if Dr. Liao was watched by anyone in Japan, Mr. Teng averred that he did not know who it could be. Mr. Teng also clashed with the doctor over the question of membership of the Formosan Democratic Independence Party. Dr. Liao had told me there were 3,000 members in Japan, but not only did Mr. Teng chop two noughts from this total—he even doubted whether the doctor could scrape up as many as 30 members. In Japan, added Mr. Teng, there were about 40,000 overseas Chinese, of whom half were Formosans. So far as the Nationalists are concerned all Formosans are Chinese. Formosa is part of China, contended Mr. Teng. On the other hand, Dr. Liao claims that his party is also strongly supported within Formosa by an "underground" movement. This stemmed from happenings of 13 years ago, when the U.S. and Britain agreed to return Formosa to China (Nationalists) after 50 years of Japanese rule. The Chinese were unwelcome among many of the native Formosans. Mr. H. Maclear Bate in his book "Report from Formosa," published in 1952, said that although Formosans had been barred from every worthwhile position in commerce and politics (or, maybe, because of it?) the Japanese administration had earned a considerable degree of respect. Japanese policy—which brutally oppressed all who dared offend—at least left unharmed and in peace the majority of the islanders. But under the Chinese, the Formosans rioted—in February, 1947. The Governor of Formosa, General Chen Yi, sent parties of picked troops to every part of his territory. They killed, tortured, raped, and in less than a week the leaders of the independence movement had been formally shot on Taipei's disused racecourse, or informally butchered in their beds. After all demonstrations in Taipei had been quelled, Nationalist troops indulged in an orgy of looting. General Chiang Kai-shek ordered the arrest of the governor and other instigators of the massacre (in which, Dr. Liao claims, 20,000 Formosans were killed). They were tried, found guilty of murder and conspiracy, and sentenced to death. Finally, the governor was executed in private in June, 1950. In 1952, however, Formosans now held high positions in industry and administration and if Formosan elections could not be regarded as free by the standards of the West, they were nevertheless more democratic in character than anything yet known in the Far East outside Hong Kong at that time, said Mr. Bate.

From the period of the abortive 1947 uprising, Dr. Liao appears in the picture. He is a U.S.-trained chemical engineer, who went to Tokyo in 1950. He is the brother of the late Professor Joshua Liao who taught political science at Hong Kong University and laid the theoretical foundation for the Formosan independence movement. Dr. Liao is married to an American, and at the time that I met him, his wife was in the U.S. His mother, aged about 80, was in Formosa. No action had been taken against her, but a nephew had been in jail for seven years. Relatives were allowed to visit prisoners once a month, said the doctor, on an island off East Formosa called Hoe Sio-to, or Fire-burn island. The Nationalists, he added,

had put 600 Formosans in jail after accusing them of subversive activities in 1947. Also, about 200 labourers were arrested, accused of being Reds, but, he claimed, they were mostly sympathetic towards the independence movement. It seems that the doctor had a closer acquaintance with Communism when he went as a student to Peking and Canton, but escaped to Hong Kong after six months in China. He did not like Communism, he told me. Upon arriving in Tokyo in 1950, he was jailed for seven months for "illegal entry and political activities."

Nowadays the members of the movement have the status of political refugees under the Japanese Government. Tokyo's Formosans have submitted petitions to the United Nations and conferences like that held at Bandoeng, Indonesia. Dr. Liao and his associates contend that Formosa would no longer be a source of conflict among the big powers if it were given its independence. This, and the island's permanent neutrality, "should be guaranteed by the United Nations." The Formosan S'raits "should become a neutral sea." Both the Nationalists and the Red Chinese claim that because the Formosans are Chinese in blood, Formosa is inseparable from China. But Dr. Liao said: "As a matter of fact, non-Chinese aborigines, including the assimilated ones, number almost one-tenth of the total population. As to the rest, though Chinese blood dominates, constant absorption of Dutch, Spanish and Manchu elements in the remote past and of Japanese immigrants in recent years through intermarriage is indisputable. Even the same race can segregate into different nations just as several races often combine into one nation. To uphold any lofty idealism the Chinese might as well advocate the establishment of a world federation since all nations and all peoples are traceable to one ancestry. Nearly eight million in population. . . . Formosa houses a people of over 90 per cent literacy, well-regimented and law-abiding."

Three possible means by which freedom could be achieved are suggested by Dr. Liao. (1) A plebiscite under United Nations sponsorship; (2) American occupation of the island if the Nationalists should collapse or the Reds should invade; (3) eventual absorption of the present Nationalist Government by Formosans—"a process now under way." When China fell in 1949, 600,000 soldiers and 400,000 others fleeing from the Reds reached Formosa with Chiang Kai-shek. The native population of the island is about 7,000,000, and all youths aged 18 get four months' intensive military training; there are plenty of volunteers to stay on in the regular forces. Thus at present Chiang is absorbing Formosans, who also get voted into political jobs at elections. Perhaps the boot will finally be on the other foot and the Formosans will absorb the Nationalists. Meanwhile, Formosans continue to plot by flickering candles in Tokyo.

Singapore.

ARTHUR R. COLE

CHANGES IN EASTERN TRADE

THE exchange of commodities between one part of the world and another is a process subject to constant evolutionary change, amounting at times even to a complete reversal of flow. Political developments in the Far East, including those brought about by World War II, have wrought

many such changes in our trade with this area which are worthy of note. Thirty to 40 years ago a cargo liner on a voyage to the Far East from this country would have been loaded mainly for China and Japan. There would have been cotton piece goods and machinery for Hong Kong, Shanghai and the ports of North China, or large quantities of steel, chemicals and machinery for Japan. A smaller proportion of her cargo of factory products would have been destined for the ports of Malaya, or discharged at Singapore for transshipment to the smaller ports of the East Indian archipelago. On the return half of her voyage she would have carried soya beans from Manchuria, porcelain from Japan, silk, ginger, tea and straw braid from China, and hemp from the Philippines, while included in her cargo would have been tin ingots and cases of rubber from Malaya. Or she might have brought bags of copra from what is now Indonesia, with perhaps some tobacco, cutch, kapok, or rattans from that country.

Today a few of these commodities seem to have vanished entirely from the field of commerce, their place being taken by new items. Others have increased remarkably, or appear in a different guise, while some move in the opposite direction. Nowadays steel will often travel to Britain from Japan, which also exports locomotives to India and has become the world's largest builder of ships. The cheaper classes of cotton goods which formerly moved from Lancashire to China and Japan are now produced in the factories of those two countries and, together with other varieties of consumer goods, are exported to South-East Asia, Africa and the Middle East. Japan's steel industry is ever hungry for raw material, so we have seen the growth of shipments of scrap to that country as well as a constant procession of ships carrying various grades of iron ore from all over the world. Indo-China has become an exporter of rubber. Bauxite, a mineral rarely carried before the war, is shipped from Bintang, in Indonesia, in thousands of tons. Most notable has been the big increase in shipments of tropical timber from the East, especially from Borneo, Malaya and Thailand. On the other hand one rarely hears of soya beans or bean oil as liner cargoes today. The carriage of frozen pork from China seems to have died out too, although the trade in frozen eggs continues to Britain. The former large movement of soda ash and other chemicals to Japan has been replaced by the quantities of liquid ammonia gas and various acids used in the Malayan rubber industry.

Methods of packing have been revolutionized too. For some years outward cargoes to the East have included many road vehicles, which are carried uncased. Today rubber is invariably carried in uncovered bales, never in the once-familiar cases, while copra from Indonesia and the Philippines is usually shipped in bulk instead of bagged. There has been a great increase in the carriage of bulk liquids such as latex, palm oil and coconut oil from Malaya, and other vegetable and edible oils from all parts of the area. Many articles formerly packed in wooden cases are now packed in cartons, giving rise to new problems in stowage. Such modern developments have led to changes in the design of ships' holds and ventilating systems which become ever more complicated.

For years prior to 1941 much of the local trade of the China Coast and on the great rivers of that country was carried in British ships. Following post-war political changes this was reserved to Chinese flag shipping, forcing the long-established British firms to seek business elsewhere. More recently

there has been an increase of tramp tonnage registered at Hong Kong and finding employment in purely Chinese trades. Before the war a number of British lines maintained regular trans-Pacific passenger and cargo services between the countries of the Far East and both coasts of North America, in competition with Japanese and subsidized American tonnage. Shortage of shipping after the war prevented these routes from being re-opened to the same extent and today this trade is mainly in the hands of Japanese, American and Scandinavian vessels. It is, of course, very much affected by the United States' embargo on trade with China. No survey of Far Eastern trade would be complete without a reference to the growth of business between Australia and this area. There are a number of regular British services between Australia and Malaya while an increased number operate between Australia and China and Japan. In this field some of those British firms ousted from the China Coast have found an outlet. It has recently been announced that a British company is to inaugurate a regular service to Japan from New Zealand.

Famous ports of the Far East have themselves seen many changes through the years. Shanghai, a few years ago one of the busiest in the world, today handles only a fraction of its former foreign trade. Bangkok, previously inaccessible to vessels of any size, in the last few years has had a deepwater channel dredged across its bar, rendering it available for direct calls by large vessels. Near Taku Bar, the port of Tientsin, the new harbour of Hsinking has been constructed, enabling ocean-going ships to berth alongside quays instead of lightering their cargoes in the open roadstead outside the bar. Plans to develop the Japanese ports have been completed, and such places as Yokohama, Kobe and Nagoya bear little resemblance to their appearance 30 years ago. The need to meet shippers' and merchants' requirements has led to the use by ocean shipping of many small and unfrequented harbours which previously relied on feeder services with transshipment at some larger port. Thirty years ago who had heard of Rejang, Bintang, Pusan, or even Nagoya? The change from coal to oil fuel for ships has put others out of business, and today what ship calls at Sabang in Sumatra, or at Miike or Nagasaki in Japan for bunkers?

Work in some Eastern ports has suffered from strikes and labour troubles, causing delays unheard of in pre-war days. Singapore, which lost most of its experienced dock labour and stevedores during the war, seems never to have quite recovered. In spite of much mechanization a state of congestion is frequently encountered. It is probably true to say that only at Hong Kong and in the ports of Japan can a vessel rely on a pre-war rate of loading and discharging. Indonesia, of course, has experienced a chronic state of disorder and lawlessness ever since the end of the Japanese occupation. Many ports in the area were left cluttered up with war wrecks in 1946, but nearly all have been removed 12 years later. Japan has travelled far since the beginning of the century when British officers were employed in her ships. Today they are among the smartest and most efficient vessels in the Eastern trades. The picturesque sailing fleets of these coastal waters are giving place to motor coasters and fishing craft. As time passes we note the increasing numbers of Panamanian and Liberian ships, especially tankers. Competition on all routes is keen, and Britain cannot afford to fall behind in quality of ships or men.

W. J. MOORE

MARXISM OUTMODED

SINCE the publication of Ludwig von Mises's important volume *Socialism* and F. von Hayek's *Road to Serfdom* many serious books have appeared analysing the predicaments of Socialism in modern times. They seem to indicate that, from a readily accepted doctrine appealing to intellectuals, Socialism and Marxism have become the subject of critical comment. This was unavoidable, as the road to the fulfilment of Marxism has been strewn with tragic errors and blatant mistakes. Baffled humanity, to which Marxism made such extravagant promises, is now taking stock of Socialism's sins and trying to assess the causes of the disaster which overtook it.

It seems that there are at least three major reasons which contributed to the failure of Marxism. The first is a vast tragedy which often befalls human endeavours; therefore it is only right that Marxism should not be judged too severely on this count. When Karl Marx wrote his fiery and astonishing report on Capitalism, only too many of his statements were right. But his vision was vitiated by inhibitions and hatred, and consequently his mighty indictment of Capitalism proved wrong in many ways. Marx's diagnoses of the economic ills of his time were sometimes brilliant; but already by about 1900 they were no longer valid, for the world has moved in directions unforeseen by him. And this is the first root cause of Marx's tragedy: his lessons were outmoded by the development of Capitalism on more liberal lines, by powerful strides in economics, sociology and science; yet they remain an oracle to the elect as well as to the masses influenced by the Marxist Intelligentsia. It is typical of the tragedy of errors which so often besets geniuses. When they preach a certain doctrine it corresponds to the existing reality of their own era, but before it percolates into the minds of political leaders and struggling masses, the doctrine has become stale, sterile or simply false. Marxism today is a historical fact and may still serve as a very useful corrective or a yardstick of comparison, but as a doctrine it has simply outlived its usefulness. Take only one example: some years ago Einstein was attacked by some Russian scientists for his return to "philosophical idealism." What was the reason for this rebuke? Well, Einstein does not exclude the possibility of matter turning into energy; while Marx rigidly taught that matter was immutable and could not be changed into anything else but matter. Marx's doctrine was in accordance with the theories of Feuerbach and other German philosophers of the time. But today, after Bergson, Einstein and the achievements of modern scientists have opened the road to a new interpretation of matter, Marx's contention must be considered largely obsolete. Yet it is defended by Soviet science. Worse still, a great nation of 180 million and another of 600 million have been forced into the straitjacket of a doctrine which does not stand the test of reality. Thus Marxism tragedy—the time-lag between the fruition of an idea in the mind of a genius and its reception by the masses—has become a calamity for an important section of humanity.

There are two other tragedies which deepen the first, personal drama of Marxism. However hard we try to dissociate the theory from the maker, the doctrine from the man who conceives it, the initial stamp given by the creator of any doctrine remains all important. Marx was a man of many hatreds, of a truly Prussian arrogance, of disdain for all his opponents, endowed with a ruthless mentality. He was one of those intellectuals who

want to arrange the world according to their lights and who always know best. If reality does not conform to their rules, so much the worse for reality. And this essential inhumanity of their mind, subordinating people and personal life to the iron rod of doctrine, makes their percepts inhuman and brutal; more brutal and more inhuman with passing years and with every new attempt—and failure—to enforce their doctrine. The German refugee writer, Schwarzschild, was essentially right when he described Karl Marx as a "Red Prussian."

It is a tragedy of Socialism that it took its cues too much from Karl Marx and his followers: people saturated with hatred, riddled with a lust for power, nurtured in the Prussian traditions of regimentation and military barracks. It is by no means an accident that Socialism in its most distasteful form was born in Germany, where militarism was accepted as a superior creed; and it is no accident either that wars gave German Socialism a new spurt, for war economy has many similarities to Socialist economy. What a pity Germany took the lead in the dissemination of Socialist doctrine, and that it was Marx and not the French theoreticians of socialism who won the day! Fortunately, the most politically mature nations, like the English and the Scandinavian, elaborated their own versions of Socialism, infinitely more humane, more liberal and more concerned with man's individuality. The victory of Marxism over the intellectual *élites* on the Continent proved a major disaster: it infected them with mental arrogance and ruthlessness which later found its way into French thinking, Sorel being the best example of infection. The twentieth century witnessed the triple victory of the German mind: Marx, Feuerbach and Nietzsche are a terrifying triad who stamped European history with their hallmark more powerfully than any other team of thinkers. Thus the second-tragedy of Marxism is its Prusso-German origin.

Its third tragedy is that of diffusion. The future historian will be confronted with a delicate task in attempting to ascertain how numerous and how weighty were the Socialist ingredients of Fascism and National-Socialism. The fact that Mussolini was once a Socialist and that he was editor of the Socialist *Avanti* had often been remarked. But there is for a future historian a much more rewarding field to plough: to what extent Mussolini's thought was influenced by Socialist theory and practice, and to what extent was Fascist economy a Socialist economy? It will be even more rewarding to study the relationship between Socialist thought and National Socialism. It is by no means a coincidence that Hitler's party was called NSDAP, and that twice in the very name of the party the idea of Socialism and the workers was stressed. Many Nazis were leftists, with a very radical social programme; and Nazi economy—geared fully during the war, the great moulder of any Socialist economy—was influenced by the ideas of socialized industries, centralized direction of industry, the distribution and allocation of man power, etc. It is significant that the links—ideological and economic—between Nazism and Socialism have been glossed over; but they exist, and to brand Hitler's revolution as a bourgeois upheaval is misleading. The Socialist contribution was large, and the support of the working masses for Hitler was much bigger than it is today fashionable to admit.

An even worse tragedy descended on Marxism in a country for which Marx himself had a good deal of contempt. Lenin admitted that Russia

was not a suitable country for a Socialist revolution, as it lacked a mighty vanguard of working masses, and peasants constituted the majority of the population. It could be added that Russia also lacked Capitalism in the real meaning of the word. Marxist Socialism was imported into Russia by people like Lenin and Trotsky, who lived in Central Europe. Russia would probably have evolved its own brand of Socialism, even more influenced by religious thought than the British variety was. A Tolstoyan creed plus the genuinely Russian doctrine of rural "Communism"—joint ownership of farms and joint cultivation—with a large admixture of ideas from Berdyaev, Solovyov and other Christian philosophers, would probably have been born in Russia had defeat not plunged her into revolution.

Unfortunately Russia had no time to develop her brand of social improvement and was given the bitter medicine of Marxism. For a country which not only had no experience of Capitalism and subsequent liberalism, but which had not experienced the blessing of a renaissance era, such a dose of radical social thought inevitably ended in catastrophe. The result of this tragic error was that while the French Revolution proved a bloody birth of a new order, the Bolshevik was—as the eminent Polish publicist Srokowski, put it 25 years ago in his most penetrating book about the "Bolshevik élite"—"a bloody abortion."

In one respect only Russia offered an ideal ground for experimenting with Communism; she could be isolated from the outside world, the test could be carried out in laboratory seclusion, and myths could be freely circulated to give the impression that the experiment had succeeded beyond expectations. Otherwise Russia lacked practically all the conditions considered necessary for establishing a new and allegedly advanced social order on the ruins of Capitalism. Again, had Communism been introduced by countries like Switzerland, Sweden or France, the result might have been very different. This is only a theoretical conjecture for it is difficult to imagine any European country influenced for centuries by an individualist way of life submitting itself to such a gloomy regimentation.

Russian Communism concluded this cycle of Marxism's mistakes. European Socialism hastened to call itself democratic or liberal in order to distinguish the inhumanity of the Soviet version from its own progressive ambitions. But this manoeuvre is only an evasion, not a refutation. Several questions must be openly asked today. What were the original sins of Marx—like his mental arrogance, his disdain for other people's opinions? What was the part played by Marxism in doctrines like Fascism and National Socialism? To what extent was Marxism responsible for the cult of political violence which began to take root in Europe at the end of the First World War? In what degree was Socialist economy fostered by wars? How can we prevent Marxism from poisoning European thought still further?

About 1947 Mr. Hugh Dalton made a very poor prophesy that Europe would unite on a Socialist basis. At that time the Continent was turning its back on Socialism. For the European masses, especially in those countries which have had a taste of Nazi economy, Socialism simply means planned economy, State omnipotence and control over the means of production. The time has come to discuss these problems critically and to analyse Socialist doctrine in the light of all the tragic experiences of Europe. It will probably be seen that the guilt which Marxism shares in rebarbarizing Europe is more extensive than is commonly realized.

AXEL HEYST

PERICLES

IS it possible to define in one sentence the real cause of the world's misfortunes since Antiquity? One of the main causes was and is the utter disharmony between political systems and artistic, scientific and technical development. We witness in our times how technical and scientific progress is constantly being impaired by political trouble. During the Renaissance and the Middle Ages we again see exceptional artistic and scientific achievements alongside with a total lack of political unity. Perhaps the most painful contrast existed in old Greece at the very acme of her classical art between immortal beauty and political chaos. Whereas the strictest order, discipline and traditionalism reigned everywhere in the artistic field, political life was characterised by the complete absence of all these qualities. It was impossible to create any real "state," and the autonomous towns were only able to establish their rule over their neighbours. No statesman could force these micro-organisms into lasting unity and stop the *bellum omnium contra omnes*, this war of all against all. Not even the great national effort of victorious defence against Persian aggression was able to dispel the atmosphere of personal envy and mutual distrust. Because of a slight setback, the hero of Marathon, Miltiades, is treated like a criminal and escapes death sentence only to be fined the staggering sum of fifty talents—which he was unable to pay. Miltiades finally dies of a war wound in dire distress. Themistocles, the victor of Salamis, is banished, ostracized and ends up in Persia as a traitor. Yet it was he who had persuaded the Athenians to sacrifice their own city and to join the other Hellenic forces. It was his eloquence which had made it clear to his fellow-citizens that war with Sparta over the hegemony in Greece was inevitable, and that Athens had to build those enormous walls which for many years prevented Sparta from conquering her. Almost the same happened to Kimon, Miltiades' son-in-law, very rich, noble, an aristocrat without the least trace of haughtiness, a tory-democrat of the best kind. He was hated by the radicals, the so-called democratic party. He destroyed the Persian fleet at Burymedon in Asia Minor, and also on that day, smashed the Persian army. He was tried for corruption and acquitted only because his personal honesty was palpable even for his most fanatical enemies. But for some time he was deprived of all political authority and banished from Athens because his "idée maitresse," peace with Sparta and war against Persia, proved impossible owing to the arrogant stupidity of the Lacedaemonian authorities.

The man who together with his party chief Ephialtes combated Kimon was Pericles, son of Xantippos, the admiral who had won the battle of Mycale after Salamis. Like Kimon, Pericles was an aristocrat, whose mother, Agariste, belonged to the very ancient and almost mythological family of the Alcmaeonides. Why is it that his personality should appeal to us so much more than that of any other of the brilliant protagonists on the Athenian political stage? It is because he was able during nearly 20 years to combine democratic institutions with a stable, almost dictatorial, personal power; because, for one happy moment, there was a united nation voluntarily submitting to an outstanding genius. He was not only the military and political leader; he also burned with an artistic enthusiasm, the results of which were the Parthenon (built in 10 years!), the Ereichteion and all the other embellishments of the Acropolis we admire and cherish today.

Fifteen times Pericles was elected "strategos," general without opposition, general of the army and the navy. He erected nine trophies as monuments of his victories. But within his competence fell also the architectural development of Athens, the programmes of the theatres and concerts. His friend Pheidias built the Parthenon with the slight irregularities that have such a remarkable effect on the onlooker. Pheidias offered the citizens of Athens the gigantic, nine meters tall statue of Athena Promachos in gold and ebony as a symbol of greatness and power. Another friend was Sophocles, elected to be his colleagues and "co-strategos" but only for a short time since the poet displayed no particular aptitude for military matters.

Pericles, and with him Athens, ruled over more than 200 communities and islands between the Black Sea and Sicily; but he knew that this realm was the object of bitter Spartan envy and that a war could not be avoided. In opposition to the promoters of "appeasement," he refused to make the concessions concerning Magara and Aegima requested by Sparta. Like Themistocles he asked for and obtained from his fellow-countrymen far reaching sacrifices. The Spartan army, finding itself faced with the fortress into which Athens had been turned, had to give up the conquest of the city and confined itself to a cruel devastation of the agricultural areas outside the walls. Pericles retaliated and sent his fleet to the Peloponesos with orders to cause as much destruction as possible. His aim was probably to sap the strength of the enemies and to force them to recognise the moral and political supremacy of Athens.

Pericles could not anticipate the terrible catastrophe of the plague brought into Athens by the refugees nor avert the slow diminution of his authority. He had always been rather aloof, avoiding too much limelight. The satirists joked about his "onion-head," about his habit of wearing a helmet in peace-time. They called him the Thunderer, the Olympic Zeus, and began to criticise his rather dangerous and costly idea to pay judges and theatre-goers. They also started by attacking his friends. Pheidias was called upon to prove that the gold used for the Athena Promachos really cost what he had received for it. He was put into prison and Pericles probably helped him to escape. Aspasia, a former hetaira, the second wife of Pericles whom even Socrates had praised, was the next victim of those hecklers with their poisonous pinpricks. She was treated as a "Omphale who had domesticated Heracles." Aristophanes—20 years later—reported the lie that she had kept a brothel. Like Pheidias, she was accused of lacking respect for the gods; and it is said that Pericles, who defended her, could secure her acquittal only by using all of his remaining authority as well as, according to certain reports, his tears. Finally, after the ousting of Anaxagoras the free-thinker, the great philosopher and teacher of Pericles, the demagogues dared to aim at Pericles himself. For the first time in 15 years he was not elected "strategos" but was called upon to prove his honesty and to show his accounts in which only five talents were missing. He faced the storm with his habitual "ataraxia," with the undisturbed composure of his mind; but the perfidious attack had broken his strength. A slow fever killed him at only 63.

Pericles the human being reaches us with his strong but never overbearing voice thanks to Thueydides who noted down his famous speech in honour of the dead Athenians. Here he shows himself to be the first

liberal to develop the ideals of freedom, humanitarianism, social equality blended with discipline and self-restraint. We are easygoing, he said, not stiff and stale (like the Spartans), but we let nobody believe that our easygoing is frivolity. We love simplicity in art, but we are no simpletons. We love our country best, but we keep our minds open to the virtues of other countries. Our poor have the same possibilities as our rich. And then follows the grandiose preroration in honour not only of the dead "who live among us invisibly, like the gods," but of all who had helped win the war.

He was the last of the Athenian "supermen." After him Athens rapidly lost the sympathies of her allies because of her tyrannical regime which was in sharp contradiction to the old "union sacrée." Brutal demagogues like Cleon, grandiose adventurers like Alcibiades led to disaster. Upon his deathbed Pericles is reported to have told friends who praised his strength of character and his achievements: "The best thing about my life you have not mentioned: no Athenian ever wore mourning clothes because of me." So he ended with yet another expression of his love of humanity which had also created the eternal beauties of Athens. For once the discrepancy between political and cultural development was eliminated. Democracy headed by a freely chosen leader—not a Führer—had found its artistic apotheosis in the Acropolis, in the dramas of Sophocles, in the philosophy of free spirits. History never knew another Pericles. The great Athenian was a comet which still radiates through eternity.

ERNEST BENEDIKT

DECEMBER 29

Anniversary of the height of the bombing

*Granted that this was more than sixteen years ago,
That people change, and that your young have never felt
The fire storm nor seen the streets begin to melt.
And there were furtive men in caps, we know.*

*Who stripped dead fingers of their rings, and ran.
But up above them, in the rain, you clear away
The rubble; the dead child's head appears beneath the gray,
Rain washes the placid face and pelts the man.*

*To hold the child you spurn the issued shroud,
Insist upon a decent burial, with flowers,
With love, with proper mourning, with brief showers;
And this is right. London, you should be proud.*

*I, a stranger and not always kind or fair,
See you in lustre—grimy, sooty but beyond compare.*

CARL BODE

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

THE MYTH OF THE THIRD REICH

The classic example of nationalism under high pressure was provided by Nazi Germany. Its symbol and ideal was the Third Reich and we all know what forces were released in its name. Professor Jean Neurohr analyses the nature of this ideal. His almost clinical study of a mental disease which struck down the Germans is valuable because it contributes to our knowledge of the Germans in general even though it deals more particularly with the spiritually unstable ones; and let us not forget that many Germans who were inspired by this ideal are alive today and that for many of the younger ones this was the first ideal ever to inspire them. Neurohr's book also represents a valuable contribution to our knowledge of the abnormal psychology of national communities. It is fortunate that a man with his background and qualities should have undertaken this serious and comprehensive study. Coming from Alsace he has been able better than many another scholar to understand the "German problem" and to avoid facile clichés of condemnation; and being a Frenchman he has been able to treat the "German problem" with beautiful lucidity, logic and brevity. He tried without success to find a publisher between 1933 and 1939 in Great Britain.

Some idea of the nature of the German nationalist ideal can be gained from what this reviewer wrote in the *Contemporary Review* in July, 1939: "German Nationalism—and especially National-Socialism—is and has always been not a purely political creed but a composite theory of political reform, spiritual idealism, and sentimental romanticism . . . it has a quasi-religious cult for its ideal, for example, the Holy Roman Empire in the past and a New Reich in the future. Ever since the war (First World War) the Third Reich has symbolised the nationalists' ideal of 'regenerated' Germany. It was not only an effective vote-catching slogan implying the promise of future happiness but also the symbol of a new *Weltanschauung*." As fiction acquiring reality, Neurohr studies the nature of the main myth, analyses its component parts and their most important champions, and studies their evolution up to the triumph of the Third Reich in 1933. These "component myths" are: that of a truly German revolution and of a German form of Socialism (anti-capitalistic, anti-liberal, anti-bourgeois), the myth of race, that of the *Imperium Sacrum* as a supra-national organization of Europe, that of the young nations oppressed by the old and capitalistic West, that of the new German man. In the early nineteenth century we find the Germans striving for liberty and for unity. In 1871 the Prussian solution satisfies to some extent the striving for unity but not for liberty. In Bismarck's creation the nation is not yet welded into a true team: the Socialists are not admitted. A "German revolution" and a "German form of Socialism" are achieved in 1914-1918 when the Socialists are received in the team and when, in total mobilization for war, the individual is sacrificed to the national community. The sense of all belonging to one team is lost after the war, and antagonism develops between the State and the nationalists whose demands grow in intensity and extravagance, culminating in the demand for a totalitarian Reich where every activity of man, including religion, would be directed by a State identified with the national community.

Neurohr mentions all the important theorists and analyses their theories; perhaps more could have been made of the naturalists' contribution in preparing the public for the biological interpretation of the race doctrine. With admirable objectivity he explains why certain ideas developed; he sympathises with some theorists because their ideas were corrupted by the Nazis but does not absolve them from blame: they should have known better than to play with fire; nationalism is a dangerous disease. The reviewer would have welcomed a chapter dealing with the dynamic methods used for spreading

this disease, with the myths of Bismarck as a "Paladin," Wilhelm II as a "sozialer Kaiser," Hitler as Dürer's knight "trotz Tod und Teufel." But any serious student of modern Germany should study this book.

NICOLAS SOLLÖHUB

Der Mythos vom Dritten Reich. By Jean Neurohr. J. G. Gotta'sche Buchhandlung Nachfolger, Stuttgart. DM. 19.80.

THE MIDDLE EAST

Here are three books dealing in very different ways with a subject which is insistent to the specialist and alluring to the general reader. We have arrived at a time when no aspect of it can be ignored. Therefore there is now a place for a study of the Mosul episode of 1923 when Great Britain and Turkey (much less cordial with one another than they are now) settled the question of the oil field at Kirkuk, and for a reliable account of conditions at Kirkuk and also of that sequestered people the Kurds. The one person to tell us about it is Mr. Edmonds who has been to Kirkuk what Colonel Dickson has been to Kuwait and who writes with the scientific accuracy of Brigadier Longrigg on Iraq. This book fills a gap in the academic study of geography.

Nothing could be more different than the style and scope of Mr. Nutting. The Suez episode when it closed his career as Minister of State in the Foreign Office put him in an extraordinarily favourable position to do another sort of diplomatic journey in the Arab realms. He had had every opportunity to know what was happening, for through two years he had had full access to all that accurate information which Embassies keep collecting and sending around. He had himself been to Egypt to sign the agreement with Nasser; and then, by the courage of his sincerity, making him say it was useless for him to try and defend a blunder he had vigorously opposed, he had won the confidence of every kind of leader from India to Morocco; for each, without exception, was infuriated by the tripartite attack which undercut the Tripartite Pact. Well informed, urbane and acute, this shrewd and winning young man concludes that the way for Great Britain to cope with the complexities of the Middle East is to go back to her traditional policy and ally herself with Islam. So far so good. But the leader, the hero, of the young Moslem of today is still no other than the President of Egypt. And here it is that the book of Mr. Nutting, otherwise so acute, exchanges pungency for convention. It is the way with most Conservatives who condemn the Eden blunder—they feel that at a certain point to show that they are not disloyal they must say what a bad man Colonel Nasser is. Mr. Nutting managed to persuade himself that already a year ago Nasser and Egypt were on the verge of collapse. They are nothing of the sort. Colonel Nasser certainly made a blunder when he alienated the West but since then he has acted with his characteristic adroitness and moderation; he is making the Canal a better proposition than it ever was and he is going steadily on to build the dam which was the cause of all the fuss. By the Syria Merger he controls 90 per cent of the oil traffic from the Middle East, and lastly the cohorts of his youth are remoulding the mentality of every corner of the Middle East.

The great question is whether in the onrush of modernity Islam can keep its solid hold over the Arab peoples who as they emerge in their new role remember the old triumphs of their faith. This is the subject which Professor Smith fixes with a strong, honest, sympathetic gaze. Like every other great religion, Islam is infinitely various, infinitely profound. The Koran with its lofty eloquence, clarity and beauty is still the study of the Arab and gives his life a transcendent pattern. Its law gives modern nationalism an added impulse and (unless in the case of Turkey) overrides the danger. Five times a day Nasser turns towards Mecca and adores the greatness of Allah; and so does the King of Morocco. Anxious as the young Arab of today is for the

fruits of invention and its freedoms he has not become a free thinker to the extent of denying that his own soul lives in dependence on the All-Merciful. "The humour and charm of the Arab heart, the finesse of the Arab mind, the warmth, sensitiveness and imaginative brilliance of the Arab spirit are under a cloud" and Mr. Nutting has not quite pierced it.

ROBERT SENCOURT

I Saw for Myself. By Anthony Nutting. Hollis and Carter. 10s. 6d.

Islam in Modern History. By Wilford C. Smith. Oxford University Press. 42s.

Kurds, Turks and Arabs. By C. J. Edmonds. Oxford University Press. 42s.

DEFINING LAW

This erudite essay is, apart from some fragments published separately, the sole fruit of a vast enterprise dear to the heart of its author. Dr. Kantorowicz, Assistant Director of Research in Law in the University of Cambridge, was an eminent student of the problems of legal philosophy and in 1938 the chief planner of a three-volume *Oxford History of Legal Science*. The scope was to be broad: not directed to the attention of lawyers purely but to others with sociological or philosophical interests. The chapters had been distributed for the first two volumes when the outbreak of war and, in the next year, Dr. Kantorowicz's death halted the undertaking, and as Dr. Goodhart observes in his substantial and lucid introduction to the present work, it is uncertain whether it can be revived because it is unlikely that an editor possessed of Dr. Kantorowicz's "encyclopaedic knowledge, wide interests, and unlimited energy can be found again." *The Definition of Law* was to form the first part of the *History*. The essayist, in pursuit of an acceptable conclusion as to what precisely law is, ranges widely, considering such matters as the efficacy of the rules of a bandit camp, of courts of love, of golf ("The 21 authentic 'definitions' which precede the 'Rules of the Game of Golf as approved by the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, September 1908, must arouse the envy of every jurist attempting to interpret European, to say nothing of American statutes"). He examines the postulates and findings not only of jurists and legal philosophers like Duguit and Allen but also the work of anthropologists like Malinowski (whose work among the Melanesians convinced him that to define law as "the machinery of carrying out justice in cases of trespass" was too rigid a conception of the problem). Although the necessary dealing with the recondite and the abstract is usefully shot through with illustration, the essay is not easy reading. However, certain points can be used to show the work's general lines.

Dr. Kantorowicz considers what he calls the widely spread misuse of the term "law" to restrict it to binding rules and writes: "If a rule must be binding in order to be legal the fact that classical Roman law was once binding cannot suffice to make a book about it into a juristic work." He presents too the arguments against enforceability as criterion (Kelsen was the founder of a school urging it), pleading that to admit it into the concept of law would rule out entire provinces of law. If only rules enforced by law courts were "law," Grotius, the father of international law, and his brethren would have no standing. Many writers looked to sanctions as the criterion (for example, Thurnwald: "It is the element of organized compulsion that distinguishes the legal system from tradition and social custom"), but Dr. Kantorowicz considers that they do not make enough allowance for the existence (in the sphere of what they would class as customary rules) of organized sanctions: social ostracism, black lists and so on. In his conclusion, he examines the "justiciability" concept. This means fit to be applied by a judicial organ in some definite procedure, and his final definition is that law is "a body of social rules prescribing external conduct and considered justiciable."

FLORENCE O'DONOGHUE

The Definition of Law. By Hermann Kantorowicz. Cambridge University Press. 15s.

HUMANISM AND FAITH

Both these books have one thing in common; in varying degrees they recognize that, assuming the breakdown of Christian faith, Humanism must find and keep what may be called the moral passion that has hitherto been associated with the practice of religion. Professor Coates believes that Humanism must close its ranks and take the place of Christian faith and his whole book is an eloquent and sometimes moving plea for a programme of moral renewal expressed in especially sociological terms, lest we be overwhelmed by the present crisis. He measures his words in describing that crisis but he leaves us in no doubt that there is a crisis and that man will be hard put to it to avoid disaster; only humanistic ethics can save us. Such ethics, he believes, will not start deductively by trying to work out ethical counsels from general principles, but, accepting the method of Dewey, will be found by and under the pressure of concrete situations. They will be motivated by reason in private life, and these will work out in the life of society as a federal world government expressed in the functional conception of society. In the end, we shall have something like Plato's philosopher State. With its areas of culture Professor Coates deals seriatim and the result is a book of what may be called enlightened Humanism to whose practical proposals many outside the Humanist camp would give large support. The most important question is how the race is to be taught devotion to Humanity at large when its actual contact with living people and States is so often of a quality which repels rather than fosters devotion. And they will remember that the acutest observer of the general scene in the mid-eighteenth century, Horace Walpole, declared in 1742 that the day of Christianity was past and will wonder whether Professor Coates has not pronounced its requiem a little previously.

Dr. Hepburn moves in a narrower but infinitely more vital area. His book is a plea that the Logical Analysts, who form the most vocal element in modern philosophical thinking, should try to understand what it is that the theologians are trying to say. Of late years a certain school of Christian thinkers has made great play with the word "paradox," and as often as not it is based on the plea that while reason may apply in the realm of natural affairs, it is and must remain dumb in the face of revelation. Dr. Hepburn examines that claim especially where it is made about Christian experience of God, and suggests that when it is made, it empties the statements based thereon of meaning. He follows that up by examining the idea of an Incarnation, the claim that ethics can only be securely based on religion, and Christian affirmations regarding the relationship of God to the world, and he comes to pretty much the same conclusions in every case. It is a forceful statement, very ably argued, and the temper in which it is done is wholly admirable.

The present reviewer would only suggest that the same lines of argument which Dr. Hepburn adopts are capable of being applied to aesthetics and indeed, to human relationships with the like devastating results. It is, nevertheless a book which deserves the attention of theologians and if it leads to a much more careful statement by Christian thinkers of what they mean by the great phrases of faith it will be all to the good.

B. C. PLOWRIGHT

A Challenge to Christianity. By J. B. Coates. C. A. Watts. 15s.

Christianity and Paradox. By Ronald W. Hepburn. C. A. Watts. 18s.

THREE COUNTRIES

One of the best of Australian newspapers is the *Sydney Morning Herald*, which Mr. Pringle edited for five years and which possesses as its distinguished cartoonist Mr. George Molnar, whose illustrations are an added attraction to this candid book in which Mr. Pringle from the depths of his knowledge of things Australian gives a report that is both judicial and entertaining. Of

Mr. Menzies the author says that he avoids the difficult as long as possible, but give him a long-hop outside the leg-stump (he is an ardent cricket fan) and he will, as in the Petrov case, send it unerringly to the boundary for four. We learn that the Protestant and Catholic Churches are by no means as amicable as they should be towards each other; and every other aspect of Australian life is most shrewdly examined by Mr. Pringle, although it is surprising that in dealing with art he does not mention Albert Namatjira, the aboriginal painter.

Mrs. Zinkin evidently believes that India's aborigines are on the way out, as they are almost the sole inhabitants of the sub-continent whom she does not discuss. Her acquaintance with Indian conditions is encyclopaedic. A village, she points out, may be dirty, but the people are clean, for the average Indian bathes every day or every other day. Exceptions are the Ladakhis, only bathed at birth and before they are cremated. Within the family the true Marxian creed is the rule: "From each according to his means, to each according to his needs." Even the imbecile brother must be provided with a wife and a home. The reluctance to destroy life is carried to absurdity in a Jain sect who, during a famine, may even lie on bug-ridden beds purposely to feed these creatures with their own blood. And when their flesh is too weak they pay a beggar a dollar a night to lie in for them. (One is reminded of Russian country-houses in Tsarist days, when to prepare the bed for an expected guest it was customary to make the butler lie in it for an hour or two, so that the various insects should adhere to his body and the bed be in proper condition.) Mrs. Zinkin explains that the most important single factor in disrupting caste relations in India has been the sweeping land reforms. The present position of the Princes is made clear, though that of the Nizam is not touched upon. It seems that the status of the Anglo-Indian improved when power passed from the British to the Indians; today they are colonels, collectors of customs, superintendents of police or district officers on the railways—in 1947 they were sergeants, warrant officers and station-masters.

Mr. Edmonds was a member of a town-planning delegation that went to see how such affairs were being carried on in parts of Russia. He and his companions were most favourably impressed, for there is, he says, a prodigious drive being made to rehouse the people. He adds: "We were never for very long free from propaganda, but we were free to roam unescorted at any hour." They were less free to escape from the interminable banquets; for instance, at Sochi, the Black Sea resort, they had to make their way through smoked salmon, caviare and cold ham, with vodka to assist digestion. Then came an excellent noodle soup, followed by fried chicken, new potatoes and a red Georgian wine in which Stalin delighted. Strawberries, flavoured adroitly with lemon and smothered in sugar then appeared, followed by a gâteau, with black coffee and the best Armenian brandy. Mr. Edmunds has much to tell us that has nothing to do with town-planning; his book should be read by anyone unable to travel to Russia.

HENRY BAERLEIN

Australian Accent. By John Douglas Pringle. Chatto and Windus, 18s.

India Changes! By Taya Zinkin. Chatto and Windus, 25s.

Russian Vistas. By Richard Edmonds. Putnam, 13s. 6d.

AMERICAN MIXTURE

It has been almost 20 years since Harry Moore's *The Novels of John Steinbeck* made its appearance and said a good many sensible things in a relatively few pages. But the time has come for a systematic, full-length study of his fiction; and this Mr. Lisca has provided. He has explored all the customary sources—something no one has taken the trouble to do before; he has dug out biographical data and hitherto unpublished letters and personalia; and he has talked with the people who have had significance in John

Steinbeck's literary career. Nobody would accuse him of being an esoteric writer, and so Mr. Lisca's problems have not been great. On the other hand, we can learn from *The Wide World of John Steinbeck*, and it is probably a safe assumption that what Mr. Lisca tells us will not be belied by the passage of time. Through his thoughtful reading book by book we can see that John Steinbeck had more symbolism in him than many critics realized and that he had intellectual interests greater than commonly supposed. For instance, *Tortilla Flat* was based on the *Morte d'Arthur*, and Mr. Lisca quotes him as saying: "You can imagine then that I was pretty excited in 1936 when the Winchester mss. came to light and I could hardly wait until Dr. Vinaver brought out his great Oxford three-volume edition." We can see that style and tone meant much more to him than one might expect. We can see that his literary craftsmanship in general was finer than we thought. He spent a surprising amount of time on structure not only in *The Grapes of Wrath* but also in slighter works such as *Cannery Row*. And—on a different level—we can see all too plainly that he has been sinking into literary journalism ever since the publication of *The Wayward Bus* more than a decade ago. Mr. Lisca feels that the deterioration will probably be permanent: we must esteem John Steinbeck for the books he wrote in his days of strength.

Wallace Stevens is going to need much more explaining. William Van O'Connor's *The Shaping Spirit: a Study of Wallace Stevens*—for all that it means nothing to Mr. Pack—made a good and sensitive beginning. Stevens is if not a major poet, then a minor poet of first rank, with all the subtlety and delicacy that often go with very good minor work. He is, in the cliché, a poet's poet, though the Southern critic John Crowe Ransom put it differently, saying of "Sea Surface Full of Clouds," for example, that "its technical competence is so high that to study it, if you do that sort of thing, is to be happy." Mr. Pack himself is a relaxed, informal critic who speaks to us directly and sometimes thinks aloud. His book is, first, an analysis of Stevens' ideas, especially those about reality which obsessed the poet throughout his career. The book is, secondly, a study of the recurrent images in the poems. There are also some interesting remarks about his comic spirit and his deft variation of styles. The worth of Mr. Pack's analysis of the ideas is in its thoroughness. He describes in detail the nature of Stevens' search for reality, calculates the considerable extent of his belief in Platonic idealism, in neo-Platonic correspondences, and in a kind of Berkeleyan subjectivity. Yet he also says: "It is perhaps Stevens' most central and appealing belief that Man cannot conceive of a paradise superior in bliss to that we experience in our own world, our ordinary lives." Mr. Pack's book has incongruities but is useful nevertheless.

Mr. Chase's book is an interpretation of the American novel and an attempt to tell what is American, as opposed to English, about it. The author starts with so early a novelist as Charles Brockden Brown, goes on through the nineteenth century, and ends with the most important novelist of the twentieth, William Faulkner. He maintains that the most striking characteristic of American fiction is its romanticism; but he defines romanticism so broadly that he weakens his thesis. To him anything—it would almost seem—aside from the routine of middle-class British life is American and romantic. With allowance for the obvious weakness of any view like this, *The American Novel and its Tradition* is respectable enough. The critical comments about a good many novels are sound, and some of them are quite fresh. If the thesis had been refined there is little doubt that Mr. Chase's book would have been outstanding.

CARL BODE

The Wide World of John Steinbeck. By Peter Lisca. Rutgers University Press. \$5.
Wallace Stevens: An Approach to His Poetry and Thought. By Robert Pack. Mark Paterson for Rutgers University Press. 36s.
The American Novel and its Tradition. By Richard Chase. G. Bell. 16s.

SCIENTIFIC

The Living Thoughts of Darwin (Cassell. 15s.). With a Preface by Julian Huxley, and the assistance of James Fisher, this new and revised edition celebrates the date of 1858 when the theory of evolution by means of natural selection first annoyed the world. Some lonely thinking on the *Beagle* unlocked the door of what in Sir Julian's words "we may call the biological revolution."

Freud and the Twentieth Century (George Allen & Unwin. 28s.). A symposium edited and selected by Benjamin Nelson which surveys the background, work and effects of the teaching. The panel of experts have the layman—often fluent in the jargon and ignorant of the practice of psychoanalysis—firmly in mind.

Mind and Matter (Cambridge University Press. 13s. 6d.). The Professor of Physics at the University of Vienna, Erwin Schrödinger, publishes the 1956 Cambridge Turner lectures, in which the paradoxes of the relationship are examined, and the possibilities of a region outside our perceptions explored.

New Chemistry (Bell & Sons. 13s. 6d.). One of the Scientific American Books series whose contributors review the latest industrial research and application. New reactions among hot atoms are first considered, and the closing chapters indicate the further possibilities of synthetic detergents.

Big Molecules (Bell & Sons. 15s.). Sir Harry Melville deals with substances to function as rubbers, fibres and plastics, and lubricating, thickening and adhesive agents. If the complexities are hard to simplify these lectures present them attractively.

Medicine and Man (George Allen & Unwin. 16s.). Ritchie Calder recounts the long history of the art and science of healing, from the witch to pagan psychiatry and St. Augustine's disease-demon, through the "thousand years of darkness" to the victories over pain and germs we know today. The slangy approach does not disguise the merits of this factual and instructive book; for example the nonchalance of a heading like "The Old Ticker" offsets contemplation of the frightening increase in heart disorders.

The Surgeon's Tale (Allen & Unwin. 25s.). But a hundred years after the discovery of anaesthesia Robert G. Richardson is able to tell with "a little teaching" of the seemingly miraculous behaviour of scalpel and forceps now "that all the regions of the human body are accessible." Case histories warm and illumine as the surgeon-author moves on to the prospect of an "inexhaustible future."

The Universe (Bell: Scientific American Books. 13s. 6d.). How big is it? Its shape? When did it start, and how manufactured? Is it a continuous creation? Scientists are getting answers with giant telescope, widening of cosmological thought, and increasing knowledge of nuclear reaction. The team here are careful to keep any guessing within the framework of accepted method, and their expositions do not destroy the wonder nor lessen the awe.

BIOGRAPHICAL

Quai d'Orsay 1945-51 (Chapman & Hall. 30s.). An abridged version of the diary of Jacques Dumaine, originally published in French and posthumously in 1955 and now translated by Alan Davidson. Frankness, shrewdness and wit abound while the Chef du Protocole moves among the illustrious, as François Mauriac says in the Preface, "without ever losing the smile." The first two entries concern General de Gaulle and many more comments throughout do not lessen the enigma nor allay the foreboding.

Saint John the Baptist, by Jean Steinmann, and *Muhammad*, by Emile Dermenghem, are two further volumes in the able and excellently illustrated Men of Wisdom series (Longmans, Green. 6s. each). As men and prophets,

as teachers and reformers, the one a desert mystic and the other a statesman, both are newly assigned their role in world religion.

In Heaven's View (Thomason, Hounslow. 15s.). Fresh with the prairie scenes of her native Canada, the poems of Mary Bishop who died last year too soon are here collected. An introduction tells of her education there and at Oxford, of her teaching career in both lands, and of her striving always to communicate through poetry.

The Reluctant Politician (Christopher Johnson. 18s.). W. Gore Allen's biography of Mr. D. Heathcoat Amory, who as a business man took 20 years to get over his distrust of politicians; presumably the present Chancellor of the Exchequer deems his cure complete. The descendant of John Heathcoat, inventor of the bobbin lace machine and target of the Luddites, emerges as "competent, hardworking and likeable" indeed.

Thomas Gage's Travels in the New World (University of Oklahoma, Norman. \$5.00), edited and introduced by J. Eric S. Thompson, first saw publication in 1648. The Englishman and Dominican friar turned Puritan divine who betrayed his former companions had an abiding need to convince himself that the switch was justified. His account of Spanish America, of Mexicans and Indians, is entertaining, nimbly disingenuous, and with topicality enough to bridge the years between.

The Naked God (The Bodley Head. 10s. 6d.) is Howard Fast's analysis of the writer and the Communist Party, and of the reasons why after 13 years' membership he left to enter the "special purgatory" of one (especially an American) who has given himself to false gods.

Every Man a Phoenix (John Murray. 18s.). Margaret Bottrall examines the autobiographical impulse that established itself in England in the seventeenth century and was manifest in the introspective writings of a Browne, a Lord Herbert, a Bunyan and a Richard Baxter.

The Long Year (Allan Wingate. 18s.). During the 12 months that began with September, 1939, James Wedgwood Drawbell as editor of the *Sunday Chronicle* saw something of the "phoney war" behind the scenes, met "many of the principal characters in the drama, farce, tragedy" and set it all down in a diary for his memory's refreshment and ours.

My Philosophy of Life (Odhams Press. 18s.), is a symposium edited by Lord Inman in which Group Captain Bader, Sir Beverley Baxter, Lord Birkett, the Very Reverend W. R. Matthews, Lord Gorell, Sir Harold Nicolson, the Dowager Marchioness of Reading, Sir Albert Richardson and Dr. H. W. C. Vines in their several ways present favourite recipes for successful living.

Essays by Divers Hands (Oxford University Press. 15s.). Volume 29 of the Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature includes Hardy, Shorthouse, Goncharov and Dostoevsky, and the Dr. Dodd who compiled *The Beauties of Shakespeare* among its word portraits, with Hesketh Pearson pointing the way in "About Biography"; Mary Borden's "Personal Experience and the Art of Fiction" is one of the other four admirable pieces.

Mountain in the Sunlight (Lawrence & Wishart. 25s.), comprises studies of the work of Bunyan, Defoe, Walter Pater and Oscar Wilde, J. B. Priestley, and Jack Lindsay in conflict and unity. The thesis of Alick West, whose motives are political as well as literary, is that the traditional culture of England was not destroyed by the industrial revolution.

The Christmas that Almost Wasn't (J. M. Dent. 10s. 6d.). The peerless Ogden Nash, abetted by the drawings gentle and fierce of his daughter Linell, tells in rollicking stanzas of "a shepherd, Nicholas Knock." On December 25, all the expected facility with words and appositeness of names are here for the unwrapping.

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